

FROM HAND TO MOUTH.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

I live from hand to mouth, the laborer cries,
My neighbor revels in his luxuries;
His pampered menials over earth go forth
To bring rich dainties from the West and North;

The forest and the prairie and the sea
Are under heavy tribute laid, that he
May load his board; while me from East
and South
No sumptuous trains attend; I live from hand
to mouth.

I live from hand to mouth: a sallow hand
That delivers the rich black loam, and like a
wand
Calls from the fastness of the rocks the
cheer
For bone and muscle—bread and water
clear;
From hand that handles ax, plough and
wheel,
Cuts stone, fans flame, melts iron, tempers
steel,
To nestlings thirsty as the earth in drought,
Or hungry as the hawks; so goes my hand
to mouth.

We live from hand to mouth. God's strong
right hand,
Filled full of blessings from the teeming
land,
Soft as a mother's in caressing touch,
Gives us all plenty, gives us not too much,
All needed luxuries of earth and air
For body's labor or for spirit's prayer;
Alike through toll or tribute, North or
South,
Our nestlings live and feed; we live from
hand to mouth.

We live from hand to mouth; mouth opened
wide
By His sweet Spirit's touch to be supplied;
Our soul's deep treasure His full hands can
fill,
All heavenly treasures may be ours at will,
Faith, love and patience, inward joy and
strength,
And victory that conquers death at length;
O'er the grave's portals wafts a zephyr
south,
And leads to endless living, still from hand
to mouth.

GOD SEEN IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY REV. LUTHER LEW, D. D.

Our national history properly commences with the Plymouth Colony.

1. The Plymouth Colony was the first attempt at a permanent English settlement in America. The Jamestown settlement was not intended to be a permanent colony. It was composed of adventurers who came with the intention of returning when they should have enriched themselves with gold or other precious things that they hoped to find in the new world. They brought no wives or children with them—an element absolutely essential in the commencement of a permanent colony. The Plymouth Colony came to stay, and brought their wives and children to make a home for themselves and their posterity.

2. The Plymouth Colony was the first English civil government established on this continent. The document which constituted the Pilgrims a civil compact, and a republic, was signed on board the Mayflower before they landed. It commenced: "In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are written, etc."

3. The Plymouth Colony, expanding into the New England States, and sending out its emigration westward and breathing its spirit in all directions, has been a principal agent in developing enterprise, diffusing education, moulding the laws of the country, and in determining the character of our civilization.

Another type of civilization was planted in one section of the country, which made rapid strides, and put forth giant efforts to make itself national; but the breath of New England, having diffused itself through all the Northern States, consumed it out of the land when the issue was joined and they were brought face to face.

In tracing the hand of God in the history of the nation, it is not necessary to make God responsible for the wicked acts of men, which under His overruling providence have promoted His glory and the good of men. It is written: "The wrath of man shall praise thee, and the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain." This God can do without infracting the moral agency of men, or assuming the responsibility of their wicked actions.

The persecution of the Puritans in England drove them to seek a home in the wilderness of America. While that state of things was being wrought up preparatory for the enterprise, this broad continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, was a savage wilderness, waiting for the footsteps and moulding hand of civilization. That God overruled those oppressive acts as a means of planting and developing this great nation, there can be no doubt. But for those oppressive acts, no one can tell how long the rock-bound shores

of New England would have waited for the coming footsteps of civilization.

The requisite courage for the undertaking of such an enterprise by such a band, must have had the inspiring element of a religious faith which made God a party to the undertaking. A remarkable coincidence is the fact that a place was opened for their peaceable landing and settlement, without trespass or conflict. A pestilence had swept away the Indians on the immediate coast, but for which it is not probable they could have succeeded in effecting a permanent settlement, in view of their small number and scanty means. As it was, the whole scene was desperate, viewed from a human standpoint, and was so solemnly sublime, when those Pilgrims left the Mayflower for a home on the winter-clad shore of the new world. The scene is well touched by the poet:

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against the stormy sky
Their glaucous branches tossed.

"And the heavy night hung dark,
The woods and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore."

The landing of the Pilgrims was followed by one hundred and fifty years of colonial life, which furnish the most wonderful history, full of God, for those who have eyes to see God in history. To trace that history is like tracing the progress of a child from birth to manhood. As it is in God that the child lives and moves and grows and has its being, so was it only in the providence of God that the colony survived and developed into a nation. The fact that the infant colony lived, under the circumstances, is proof most conclusive that God overshadowed it by His providence. The first struggle was for life; "to be or not to be," was the question for about fifty-six years. This issue was closed with the death of King Philip in 1676. Then the perpetuity of the colony appeared to be placed beyond a peradventure.

From the death of Philip the colonists wrestled with poverty and Indian and French wars for seventy-two years, with but short intervals of peace.

In the King Philip war the colonists lost six hundred men, six hundred dwellings, houses, and from twelve to twenty villages, partially or totally destroyed. Before they had time to recover, a war commenced between England and France, which involved them in a war with the French and Indians as barbarous as the one that had preceded. This was known as King William's war, which commenced in 1690 and lasted seven years. This war, with the terrible winter of 1696, caused much suffering, and left the whole country greatly exhausted; and yet they enjoyed only five years' peace.

The war of Queen Anne commenced in 1702 and lasted eleven years, closing in 1713. This involved the colonists in a bloody French and Indian war, after which they enjoyed eleven years of comparative peace, when another war broke out between England and France in 1744, which again involved the colonists. This war lasted only four years, yet it is said to have cost New England and New York one million of pounds sterling. Massachusetts is said to have spent four hundred thousand pounds sterling in the expedition against Louisburg. These expenses were only a part of the loss occasioned by the war. There is now no means of knowing how many precious lives were sacrificed in these wars. It is said that in twenty-seven years—from 1722 to 1749—Massachusetts, including New Hampshire and Maine, lost fifty thousand inhabitants. They lost not only the brave who fell in battle; but the women and children of whole villages and neighborhoods were massacred.

When the last war closed, in 1748, the colonies were very poor, and much suffering prevailed. From this exhausted condition they had only twenty-seven years in which to repair damages and gather strength for the great struggle of the Revolution, which commenced in 1775.

The Revolution presents a remarkable chapter of history.

1. The causes which led to it appear small in their beginning, to produce such a civil and political earthquake, shaking and rending an empire. A few pence on a sheet of paper on which to write a legal document, or the like tax on a pound of tea, appears a small thing to drive men into a bloody war, at great sacrifice of life and treasure—a war fraught with an untold amount of human suffering. No doubt the British Parliament viewed it in this point of light.

2. It is very remarkable that the colonists should have penetrated so deeply into the principles involved, and so clearly and forcibly and tenaciously defended them at such expense and hazard; for every leader rendered himself a candidate for the halter. Their reasoning in its clearness, power, far-reaching conclusion and moral tone was far above the average standard of those times,

while their courage commanded the admiration of the world.

3. It is a great wonder that the British Parliament should not have given more respectful attention to their complaints and their arguments when they saw their intellectual ability, their determined earnestness and undaunted courage. How could it have failed to appear to them that such men were not to be trifled with? They were ready, when it was too late, to offer terms upon which the whole dispute might have been settled in the early stages of the controversy.

4. The most wonderful thing of the whole is the fact of success. In view of the poverty and weakness of the colonies, without an army, without a navy, without military discipline, without munitions of war, and without funds or credit to purchase them, that they resisted and succeeded in a contest with the greatest war power of the world, is the greatest war story ever told outside of Holy Writ. That God was in it, and that He had a design in the erection of an independent Republic on this continent, who can doubt?

From the close of the Revolution down to this date, there lies a rich field in which to seek God in history.

SARDIS.

BY REV. STEPHEN M. VAIL, S. T. D.

In the *Sunday-School Journal* for November, 1879, occurs an erroneous statement in regard to the ancient city of Sardis. The writer says in the note on Rev. 3: 1: "Sardis, the ancient capital of the Lydian kingdom of Cæsus. It was situated on a plain beside the River Pactolus, which was fabled to flow over golden sands. A village among its ruins is named 'Sart.'"

In the spring of 1874 I visited "Sart," as it is now called, and examined its situation, ruins and people. It is not "situated on a plain," as the note says, but on the northern side of the Tmolus mountain, overlooking the valley of the river Hermus, and distant from this river about two miles. As the ruins indicate, ancient Sardis was situated well up on the elevations or sides of the mountain. There are several elevations of land rising one above another until we come to a high, abrupt spur, upon which was built the citadel. The walls of the citadel on the north side are still standing, though much broken and likely soon to fall.

The note says further: "It was located beside the river Pactolus." More properly, it was located on both sides of the Pactolus, as existing ruins would seem to show. The Pactolus is a small stream over which one can easily step. Its waters are much used for irrigation, and hence comes the fable of its golden sands, from the golden grain which is produced by its waters. It is a fertile region, and its fertility is always secured by the abundant waters flowing down from the mountain at this place; especially the Pactolus on the west of the acropolis, and another stream to the east of it. When I was there the people were engaged in harvesting the fields of barley. The wheat was fast coming to maturity and looked promising. The fertility of the place suggested the building of the celebrated temple of Cybele. Two of the pillars of this great temple are still standing, fluted and about five feet in diameter, and I should judge about thirty feet high. The remains of other temples and palaces were scattered over a region of about one half a mile square.

The village of Sart is now very insignificant, consisting of only a few houses, inhabited by farmers and shepherds. The shepherd dogs here, I found by bitter experience, were terribly fierce.

There was a railroad building, when I was there, to Cassaba, about sixty miles from Smyrna. Sardis is about ten or twelve miles further east, and Philadelphia is located about eleven miles east of Sardis. The railway is probably finished now, and running to both places.

I had a pleasant time with the Greek people dwelling still in those distant regions. With my Greek Testament in hand, which they easily read, I could make my way alone among them.

Prince's Bay, Staten Island, N. Y.

THEN AND NOW.

BY REV. M. TRAYTON, D. D.

There is lying before me, as I write, a volume of the first Methodist magazine published in this country, in 1797.

On the first page is a short address "to the reader," in which the announcement is made that "The General Conference of the ministers and preachers of the M. E. Church, assembled in Baltimore in November, 1796, directed the publication of this magazine."

Two objects are set forth as the animus of the enterprise: 1. "Religious knowledge, and the innocent and in-

structive entertainment of the people."

2. "To increase the chartered fund, 'which is now on foot' for the support of the traveling ministry." To name, no editor announced, no printer—only Philadelphia, Dec. 17, 1796.

The first number was issued in January, 1797. Let us briefly note the contents of this number. The first article is entitled, "The Character [title?] of a Methodist," by Rev. John Wesley, A. M. "The distinguishing marks of a Methodist are not his opinions of any sort." Is this true to-day? If so, no man can be denied membership in the M. E. Church who exhibits in his spirit and life a true gospel character, and no one can be tried for heresy. All the marks of a Methodist are found in the heart, and from this rectified state of the heart flows a harmonized life. I guess the "late Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford," was right in this.

Then follows a "Sermon by Rev. John Wesley, A. M.," from the text, Heb. 1: 14: "Are they not all ministering spirits, etc.?" The personal experience of a Mr. Staniford in a letter to Mr. Wesley comes next, which runs through seven numbers of the magazine. He was a soldier, and relates incidents by flood and field; but doubtless this was interesting to the readers of the magazine. A short account of the death of Richard Boardman, followed by an account of the death of an infidel, and then some letters on religious experience from some good sisters to Mr. Wesley, with his replies, a piece of poetry, with some hymns, wind up the first number for January, 1797. Each monthly issue contains a sermon, some by Mr. Wesley, and others anonymous.

"Thoughts on the writings of Baron Swedenborg," by Rev. John Wesley, are commenced in the second number (February), and continue to the July number. Then there is a multitude of strange events, startling incidents, and supernatural phenomena. The contents would hardly honor a modern second class newspaper.

I find here the celebrated "Unit Sermon," which I am tempted to quote entire, both for its intrinsic dignity and for its application to the present times.

"The witty and recondite" John Dodham, England, was making his way to London by some drunken sea-bird of Oxford, who insisted on his giving them a sermon from a hollow tree by the roadside, from the word "Malt." In vain his remonstrance. Preach he could and preach he must. So squeezing himself in his hollow pulpit, he thus began:—

Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man, come at a short warning, to preach a brief sermon, upon a small subject, to a thin congregation, in an unworthy pulpit.

And now, beloved, my text is "Malt;" which I cannot divide into sentences, because it is none; nor into words because (upon the whole matter) it is but a monosyllable; therefore I must, as necessity enforces it, divide it into letters which I find in my text to be these four only—M-A-L-T.

My beloved, is Moral, A is Allegorical, L is Literal, and T is Theological. The Moral is set forth to teach you drunkards good manners; therefore, M, my masters, A, all of you, L, listen, T, to my text.

The Allegorical is, when one thing is spoken and another meant. Now the thing spoken is "Malt," but the thing meant is strong beer, wherein you drunkards make M, my masters, A, squab; in some, L, languishing; in others, T, torment.

The Literal is a cordial to the letter, M, much, A, ale, L, little, T, thrift—much ale, little ale, little T.

The Theological is according to the effect it works, which I find in my text to be of two kinds: 1. In this world; 2. In the world to come. In this world the effects are, in some, M, murder; in others, A, adultery; in some, L, looseness of life; in others, T, treason. 3. In the world to come, in some, M, misery; in others, A, anguish; in some, L, languishing; in others, T, torment.

Wherefore, my first assualt shall be exhortation: M, my masters, A, all of you, L, leave, T, tipping; or else, 2, by way of communication I say, M, my masters, A, all of you, L, look for, T, torment. So much for this time and text. Only by way of caution take this: A drunkard is an annoyance of modesty, the trouble of civility, the spoil of wealth, the destruction of reason, the brewer's agent, the ale-wife's benefactor, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble, his wife's woe, his children's sorrow, his neighbor's scorn, his own shame, a walking swill-ub, the picture of beast, and a monster of a man.

I reckon by the time the sermon closed the audience were anxious for the benediction.

Mr. Wesley's letters were an interesting portion of the old magazine. Here is one just now under my eye, addressed to one of his preachers, a Mr. Coats. I should infer from the letter that he was one of a class of young men who know more when doing, their work. Mr. Wesley had said of his over-zeal and rash statements, and so commences his letter by defining Christian perfection. Then he asks, "Who was Pelagius?" "By all I can pick up from ancient authors I guess he was both a wise and holy man. But we know nothing but his name, for his writings are all destroyed; not one line of them is left." "But, Brother Coats,

this way of talking is highly offensive. I advise you (if you are willing to labor among us), 1. Preach no doctrine contrary to ours. I have preached twenty years in some of Mr. Whitefield's societies, yet to this day I never contradicted him among his own people. I could preach salvation by faith and leave all controversy untouched. I advise you, 2. Avoid all those strong rhetorical expressions as, 'O horrid! O dreadful!' You have an honest heart, but not a clear head." Then he winds up, "O Sinner, know the value of peace and love!"

Here, also, is the last letter he ever sent to America, written twenty-nine days before his death, dated Feb. 1, 1791, and directed to Rev. E. C. (Ezekiel Cooper?)

"MY DEAR BROTHER: Those that desire to write or say anything to me have no time to lose, for time has shaken me by the hand, and death is not far behind. But I have reason to be thankful for the time that is past. I felt none of the infirmities of old age for fourscore and six years. It was not till a year and a half ago that my strength and my sight failed. . . . We want some of you to give us a connected relation of what our Lord has been doing in America since Richard Boardman accepted the invitation and left his country to serve you. See that you never give place to one thought of separation from your brethren in Europe. Lose no opportunity of declaring to all men that the Methodists are one people in all the world, and that it is their determination so to continue."

One fact that impresses us in looking through the pages of this old and first magazine of our Church, is that nearly all the articles published are from English authors. We had few writers in those times, and published no books. What a change has come in eighty-three years!

Then as to the mechanical execution of the work. The paper is little better than common wrapping paper—not as fine as the material of Zion's Herald; the type is old style and rough, while the binding—well, we cannot describe it. Yet it was a great enterprise, and we can fancy the old itinerant's opening his saddle-bags and drawing out the first number, holding it up, and asking, while their eyes glistened with excitement, "Have you seen our new magazine?"

So much for Then. Come with me to Now.

I had commenced this article with the October number of the *Methodist Quarterly Review* lying on my table by the side of its quaint old grandfather, and I intended, in contrast, to give a brief digest of its contents, when the Zion's Herald came in, and lo! the first article that struck my vision was a summary of contents by that lynx-eyed critic, Prof. Newhall. I threw down my pen with the somewhat petulant exclamation, "Stolen my thunder!" Well, the world does move, anyway.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

BY REV. R. WHEATLEY.

DISTRICT CONFERENCES.

What will be done with this institution—the district conference—at the next General Conference? It is not particularly popular with any class of officials in the Church. Some presiding elders object to it on the ground of its alleged destructiveness to the quarterly conference; some preachers object to it because of the traveling expenses it entails; and others because the Discipline does not make attendance thereat mandatory. A good many local preachers do not like it, because they are outnumbered and out-talked by the traveling preachers, and prefer to have Conferences composed exclusively of themselves. Class-leaders, Sunday-school superintendents, and exhorters are not enthusiastic in its praise, and do not think enough of it to leave their business, in any considerable number, to do the work entrusted to it. Reports are dry, modes of procedure are rusty and tedious, and beyond the pleasure and profit derived from religious gatherings of old and new friends, the results are not commensurate with the cost and trouble. Therefore the metropolitan district of the New York Conference abandoned it; and therefore a venerable and excellent brother of the Poughkeepsie district intends to advocate its discontinuance at the next session.

On the other hand, a goodly number believe that the district conference serves many useful purposes, and that it has many possibilities of wide-spread beneficence, if they are only judiciously evoked. We do not wish to argue the question now, but only to relate what was seen and heard at a district conference held in the city of Poughkeepsie this very week.

REV. H. JACKSON.

One of the best ways to which a returned missionary can be put, is that of addressing district and annual Conferences. Scarcely inferior to this is that of an address to single or united Churches in any particular place. The British Wesleyans owe their marvelous

success in raising funds for the world's evangelization very largely to this practice. Missionary meetings are always interesting, and enlarge the hearts while they "broaden the brains" of participants. They foster the sectional spirit, while they draw the dollars into the Lord's treasury. Many a man may ascribe his success in life to the potent fillips they have given to his moral and intellectual faculties.

We had the privilege of listening to Rev. H. Jackson, who, for eighteen years, has been a missionary in India, and who is now pastor of the M. E. Church at Milton, N. Y. Conference.

We heard his wife and children, too. They and he sang some wonderfully wild, weird, but sweet and stirring Hindu tunes. None of the hearers could understand the nervous and forcible Hindu hymns, except as he translated portions of them. The one in which "Yesu Nama, Yesu Nama," occurred so frequently, touched tender chords in all hearts, for it dwelt with rapture on the name of Him before whom all knees shall bow. Those Hindu "badgins" reminded us, by their structure and fervor, of the impassioned repetitive compositions of the Hebrew poets. The children are charming little Orientals, in the garb of Hindu boys and girls. Son and daughter each filled the part assigned with sweetness and grace. The mother, too, proved herself to be an expert at the melodeon. Brother Jackson himself was awakened and converted to Christ under the ministrations of the eloquent Rev. Narayan Sheshadrai, who figured so prominently in the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at New York in 1873. An abstract of his (Jackson's) address may prove to be interesting.

He began by stating that the agents of twelve missionary societies in America, and of eighteen missionary societies in Great Britain and Germany are now laboring in India. In the southern portion of that mighty peninsula the Methodist Episcopalians have paid special attention to the Eurasians—children of European fathers and Asiatic mothers. Many of these are highly educated. Some of them are among our best preachers. Brother Osborne, the Presiding Elder, is a man of commanding intellect and eloquence. Formerly they were closely attached to the Church of England, but are now proud of being called Methodists. The pastors of the European and Eurasian Churches also preach, as ability and opportunity permit, to the heathen. The Hindus are very imitative, remarkably religious, and strongly addicted to tradition. The lower castes rarely pray for themselves, but hire Brahmins to pray for them in the Sanskrit tongue, and not unfrequently watch them to see that the wages are faithfully earned. The sacred books of the Hindus consist of the four Vedas, Shasters, and the eighteen Puranas. [Our spelling of these well-known words is phonetic, and follows the missionary's pronunciation.] They believe in Brum, the Eternal Spirit, the ground and origin of all being. But they say he is Norgoon, i. e., without manifest qualities. As Sargoon, his qualities are manifested in the triad—Brumha, Vishnu, and Seva. Only two temples are dedicated to Brumha. Vishnu and Seva are worshipped as the principal manifestations of Brum.

The speaker next surprised his audience by remarking that there are only thirty-three gods in the Hindu Pantheon—only thirty-three gods known to the Puranas. The millions added to those numerals are the unauthorized appendages of the poets.

Caste is one of the formidable obstacles to Christianity. Each of the four principal castes is divided into many smaller ones. The subdivisions of the Brahmins will not eat, drink, or marry with each other. Neither will those of the Chuktees, or warriors; of the Boodys, or merchants; or of the Sooders, or laborers, artisans, writers, etc. The lowest sub-caste of the latter is known as the Fariaks in the South, and as the Mayters in North India. If any of them become Christians, they are cut off from home, relatives, and friends, and subjected to fiery trials of steadfastness. The railroads are inimical to caste, but the Brahmins exhibit Jesuitical ingenuity in cleansing themselves from the pollution of enforced contact with low-caste men. Munhook taught that Brahmins, by means of privation and penance, might become greater than gods, with whom they now share the worship of deluded votaries as incarnate divinities. The Brahmins are superstitious, grasping and mercenary, and will not allow salvation to be attained until after the payment of all demanded dues.

Early marriages are another hindrance. The parties are betrothed when six or seven, and married when twelve or thirteen years of age. Mohammedanism, too, is another opponent. The Moslems "are just as bad as the devil can make them"—a very terse way of putting things. They are vile, vicious, murderous, full of deadly ha-

tred to Christianity, and would be morally worse if they could.

The British government, too, is anti-Christian. Lord Lawrence, just deceased, was a noble Presbyterian Christian. So is Sir William Muir. But the first as Governor General of India, and the second as Governor of the North-west province, have been obliged to give their money in a secret manner for the spread of the Gospel, because every public act of such high functionaries is looked upon as official, and they are required to protect all forms of religion, so far as consistent with the fundamental ethics of humanity—and to favor none. The government is neutral; the schools are neutral; the Bible is excluded from the educational programme; the teachers are infidels; a large proportion of the British officials are godless; it is difficult to procure public employment for native Christians, and Hindus or Moslems are preferred.

Referring to the theistic movement among the natives, he said that the Rig-Vaid is the basis of the Brahmo-Somj and Arya-Somj faith. All other sacred books are excluded by Keshub Chunder Sen from the canon. Morality without Christ is the end of himself and followers.

Belief in transmigration is another barrier. Transmigration is the means of purification from sin, and acquisition of righteousness. They have no words for heaven, salvation, purity, holiness, as understood by Christians, because they never had the true ideas seeking embodiment in words.

The number of communicant Christians in India, who are converts from heathenism, he estimated at 80,000 to 90,000. There are about 150,000 boys in the schools, and also many girls in Christian schools. Altogether there are about half a million real and nominal native Christians, of all denominations. During the motley thousands of native converts died martyrs to the faith of Christ. Their blood will prove to be the seed of the Church. The outskirts of Hinduism only have been touched. The centre has not been penetrated. Long years of zealous, apostolic labor must be spent before India's dusky myriads are washed in the blood and clothed in the righteousness of Christ. Altogether, it was an effective and convincing address, and will yield excellent results to the great cause of the world's evangelization.

MOUNT RUTEN.

Mr. Jackson seeks complete physical health in the United States. If it were utterly broken, instead of being impaired, he might perhaps have found a pleasant home on the beautiful property of 132 acres, presented to the New York Conference by Thomas H. Suckley, esq., of Rinebeck. Mr. Suckley is the only surviving son of George Suckley, an old John Street Methodist, and the farm he presented to the Conference for the use of supernannated preachers is one which has never been bought, sold, or mortgaged since time began. It has come down to its present possessors, by gift or bequest, from the time it was first granted to Henry Beekman, the first Dutch patron that ever enjoyed its fee simple, from the Dutch Government. It will furnish homes for ten families at least. Only two are there now. But each has a comfortable house, fertile garden, abundance of fruit, amplitude of firewood, the use of a cow, of a horse and wagon to take himself and family to church, or store, or post-office, and rejoices in endless possibilities of chickens. Dr. L. M. Vincent devotes much of his time and energy to efficient supervision of the farm, farmer, and all that appertains thereto. He is plotting the building of another cottage, collecting money as he needs to spend it, and is determined that each old war-horse shall spend the remnant of his days in ample and delicious clover.

One of the stories lately told of Mr. Lincoln is the following: When he was young he boarded with a deacon, who came one night to his room and told him to arise, for the stars were falling, and the judgment day had come. Young Lincoln arose, looked out of the window, and sure enough, the stars seemed to be falling in showers, but when he looked away in the distance and saw the grand old constellations remaining firm in their places, just as he had seen them from his childhood, he returned to his bed, feeling that all was well so long as the old constellations were not moved. So said all the alarming signs which Mr. Goldwin Smith discerns in the social and political heavens, filling him with the fear that "a collapse of religious belief, of the most complete and tremendous kind, is at hand," there are eternal constellations of truth, the same to-day as when they first shone out into the darkness of the world and lifted the thoughts of men from earth to heaven. They move not.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

If a Christian goes to the theatre, he must take Christ with him. If he cannot take Christ with him, he must not go. If he leave Christ at the door, he is no longer a Christian.—*Dr. Ormiston.*

The Sunday School.

FOURTH QUARTER, LESSON XII.

December 21. Revelation 22: 10-21.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

THE LAST WORDS.

The series of visions closed with our last lesson. The angel who had acted as interpreter to the seer, pronounced the concluding "sayings" to be faithful and true, and declared him "blessed" who should keep the sayings of the revelation, or by reason of some confusion as to the rank and dignity of his attendant, St. John felt before him in adoration, but at once admonished that he had made a grave mistake; that his attendant, however holy and exalted in appearance, was a creature like himself, his fellow-servant, and one of those "which keep the sayings of this book;" that work must be paid only to God. The angel then proceeds to give directions as to what is to be done with this book of prophecy.

II. Introduction.

The angel is giving his final directions to St. John, the recorder of the prophetic visions. He speaks in the name and authority of Jesus, the first person, but is careful to avoid the assumption of divine prerogatives. He directs the seer not to seal the book—not to hide from the gaze of men its faithful sayings and solemn warnings and sublime predictions. The time of fulfillment is fast approaching, and the Church must not be denied the comfort and assurance which this book contains of the ultimate triumph of faith and righteousness. Character now forming will be perpetuated in the hereafter. The persistently "unjust" and "filthy" will continue unjust and filthy in the life beyond; and in like manner the "righteous" and "holy" here will be righteous and holy beyond the grave. The Lord's command, in judgment, will not be delayed, and his "rewards" will be given to every man according to his work. He is the Alpha and the Omega, the summing up of all perfection and power. The obedient are "blessed;" theirs is the privilege to partake of the tree of life, and to enter the city through the gates of pearl; but from this tree and the holy city are excluded all the violent and debased and sensual, all who practice sorcery and worship what is false, such is the message which Jesus—"the root of David, and the bright and morning star,"—sends through his angel to the Churches. But if the wicked exclude themselves from heaven they are themselves to blame. All are invited; and the invitation is echoed by many voices. The Spirit saith, "Come!" and the Church repeats the call. Those who hear and obey are invited to enter it. The Church is summoned, and every one who is willing, may drink freely of the living water. A solemn warning is pronounced against any who would mar the integrity of this Book by adding to, or taking from, its sacred precepts. A final assurance of our Lord's speedy coming, followed by the early response, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus!" and the benediction of grace, closes this peerless prophecy.

III. Exposition.

Verse 10. *Seal not the sayings.*—A very different command was given to Isaiah and Daniel (Isaiah 8:16; Daniel 12:4, 9). They were bidden to seal their prophecies, the sealing of a remote fulfillment. But the sayings of this book were on the eve of immediate fulfillment, and they were therefore to be left open, partly that all might see prophecy translated into history, and partly that the Church might derive comfort and assurance in the midst of persecutions. *The book is at hand*—the time of fulfillment.

Verse 11. *He that is unjust.*—The idea seems to be that the opportunity for any radical change of character was so short that the sentence of judgment would follow before the condition of the soul might be altered. It would simply be to seal the seal of eternity to the character shown in time by each individual. Thus the thoroughly "unjust" man—unjust in his relations to his neighbor—will carry that same characteristic with him into the hereafter. *Filthy.*—The harvest of corruption and filthiness of the flesh or of the soul, uncleanness, impurity, perpetuate themselves in character. *Righteous*—just towards God and man. *Holy*—free from sin, pure. This blessed character, precisely like the reprobate, is governed by the same law of fixity in kind and progress.

Verse 12. *Behold, I come quickly*—coming in the steady progress of My spiritual kingdom; coming in retributive judgment upon corrupt systems, like Judaea and Babylon whose destruction had been predicted; coming, especially, in the fulfillment of the prophecies of this book. The angel does not speak here in his own person, but uses the words of Jesus himself. *My reward*—the reward to be bestowed, and is either good or evil, according to the deserts of the individual. *According as his work shall be.*—The "work" includes all the activities of a man's inner and outer self, his thoughts and no less than his words and deeds.

Verse 13. *Alpha and Omega.*—These terms, standing at the beginning and the end of the Greek alphabet imply that He who used them is the Beginning and the Ending, the Author and Finisher, the first Cause and Cause of all things, the Completion of them all, "for whom all things were made, and by whom all things continue."

Verse 14. *Those who do the commandments*—the obedient both in spirit and practice. Another reading of this passage is, "they that have washed their robes,"—a washing which probably meant in a spiritual sense in the Greek words. *Right to the tree of life.*—They have the privilege to partake of the tree of life, the "tree of life" from which our first parents were barred by reason of their sin appears again in the restored Paradise; and those whose sins are cleansed are entitled to enjoy a health-giving leaves and immortal fruit.

Verse 15. *Without—outside; also from*—excluded from, the holy city. *Dogs.*—The image has a peculiar significance to any one

who has ever seen the fierce, howling, greedy, fighting, hungry packs of dogs that roam around some of the Eastern cities, Constantinople for instance. *Sorcerers*—all who practice magic, or profess to be in league with evil spirits. *Whoremongers.*—All who are sensually impure are included. *Idolaters*—worshipping either image or creature in place of the Creator.

The doctrine of the passage is that broad and evermore true one—none are shut out from heaven save those who are unfit to enter; none are shut out to hell save those whose spirit is of hell, whose hearts are base, who have made themselves only the more selfish and hardened under all the influences of this world of misery (Cowles).

Verse 16. *I am the root and offspring of David*—that is, I am, by virtue of my Godhead and Creatorship, the author or progenitor of David, and in respect of my manhood, his descendant. According to Isaiah 11:1, from which passage this expression is probably taken, this assertion identifies the speaker with the Messiah of ancient promise. *The bright and morning star.*—a beautiful and pertinent emblem signifying that He was the promise and harbinger of the glorious day that was beginning to dawn upon the world. He is the Source of all light—the Star whose rising betokens that "the night is far spent and the day is at hand;" and the Sun hastening to its meridian "with healing in its wings."

Verse 17. *The Spirit*—by His convictions, and pleadings, and appeals to the sinner's conscience. *The Bride*—the Church, speaking through her ministry and sacraments, and worship and testimonies. *Say, Come.*—The Spirit and the Church echo and repeat that sweet word of Gospel invitation, "Come unto Me." *Let him that heareth, say, Come.*—The word "hear" almost universally in the Bible means "to obey." The meaning is, therefore, "Let him who hears the call, and has himself come, join with the Spirit and the Church in inviting others to likewise come." *Let him that is thirsty, come.*—Every nature thirsts, that is, has longings, desires, deep and strong, for something, it hardly knows what. This restless, feverish appetite can never be satisfied except by coming to Christ. *Whoever will*—even though there be no thirst, or conviction, or gentle pleading of Church or Spirit, or feeling of any kind, if only a man be willing to come to Christ, let him come, and drink freely from the wells of salvation.

Dr. Cowles draws a graphic picture of the circumstances under which this final and comprehensive invitation was given. "Think," he says, "of the *eternal* standpoint, and of the grand objects which win his range and ours. The river of the water of life flowing before the eyes; the joys of the redeemed-blessed down in their voices of praise and triumph. Over against these there have been visions of the lost, the damned, the wailing and shrieking and ever; the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, opening its horrid jaws to engulf forever the filthy, the abominable, the whoremongers, idolaters, and not just, we have the image of the great moral conflict of earth—victory for Zion, and majestic success to the Gospel in subduing the world to Jesus."

Verse 18. *If any man shall add*—interpolate teachings of his own; presumptuously attempt to complete the sense, or to serve the interests of any party or sect, by additions of his own. *God shall add unto him, etc.*—The "plagues," or judgments, which have been vividly described in preceding chapters of this book, are here threatened.

Verse 19. *If any man shall take away*—omit, or expunge any part, or invalidate its divine authority. Such an one shall have his name erased from the Book of Life and from the registry of citizenship in the holy city. *Things written*—blessings in this case.

Enthusiasts, pretenders to new revelations, bigoted sectaries, and imposing charlatans, on the one hand, with inflat and skepticism on the other, have cause to tremble at this solemn warning. Critics, who are continually expounding and allegorizing, or expounding from the text of Scripture and adding to it, often on frivolous grounds, are in no small danger (Scott).

Verse 20. *Surely, I come quickly*—a final admonition to watchfulness. *Even so, come, Lord Jesus*—the utterance either of the prophet for himself only, or for the whole Church. "In this prayer," says Dr. Craven (Lange's Commentary), "is summed up all that the Christian heart can desire—the destruction of the power of Satan; the deliverance of the creature from the bondage of corruption; the banishment of sin and sorrow from the individual heart and from the world; the restoration of all things; the establishment of the kingdom of righteousness; the beholding of Jesus in fullness of the travail of His soul; the bestowment upon Him of completeness of the promised reward."

Verse 21. The book closes with a benediction. Its warnings have been all pronounced, its solemn predictions uttered, and now its last word, like the final act of its ascending Lord, is one of blessing. With no more fitting words can the series of lessons for the year come to an end: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

IV. Gleanings.

Sometimes, as you pass along the street, you see a man you think you don't like; there is something in his countenance which distresses you. You fancy you see the blasphemy, the man reprobate in every good work, the man steeped in all corruption. And if one were to whisper in your ear that man, never be out of his society one day, you would be afflicted; but if you were told you must live in his fellowship a whole year, and never be removed from the region of his pestiferous breath for a single moment or day in that year, what an affliction would it be! And if you were to spend a whole life, and never be separated from him a single instant, what a gloom would it spread over your mind! Hell is the place where are many such—where all the inhabitants are such: "Without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie"—whatever is abominable, Oh, tell me not of the fire and the worm, and the blackness and darkness of hell; to my terrified conscience there is hell enough in this representation of it—that it is the common sewer of all that is abominable, and abandoned, and reckless as to principle, and depraved as to morals; the one common eddy, where everything that is polluted and wretched and filthy is gathered together (Dr. Beaumont in Biblical Museum).

V. Questions.

1. Why were not the "sayings" to be sealed?
2. What effect will dying have upon character?
3. In what sense was Jesus coming quickly?

4. What is the significance of the title, "Alpha and Omega?"

5. Who are entitled to enter the city, and who are excluded?

6. Explain the titles in verse 16.

7. Who unite in the Gospel invitation in verse 17?

8. What warnings guard the integrity of this Book?

9. What final admonition to watchfulness is given?

10. How does the Book end?

PRESIDING ELDERS.

A CHANGE PROPOSED IN THE MODE OF THEIR APPOINTMENT.

A meeting of the friends of a modification in the mode of appointing presiding elders, was held in Boston, Nov. 14. After a full discussion the propositions recommended by the committee appointed by the minority of the last General Conference to have general charge of the subject, were unanimously approved.

Fully believing that the General Conference has constitutional power to make the changes proposed, and that the best interests of the Church require that the propositions presented should be adopted, the convention deemed it important that the General Conference, to be held in Cincinnati in May, 1880, should be respectfully and earnestly requested to make, as containing them, the following changes in the Discipline:

1. To substitute for paragraph 161, the following:—

Presiding Elders shall be appointed by the Bishops on the nomination of a majority of the Annual Conference, by ballot, without debate; provided, however, that in case the Bishop presiding over any Conference, shall deem that the interests of the Church shall demand that the minister so nominated should be otherwise employed, he shall communicate his judgment to the Conference, which shall then proceed to make other nominations until the required number shall be obtained.

2. To insert a new paragraph after 161, to read as follows:—

If any Annual Conference shall decline or fail to nominate Presiding Elders, the presiding Bishop shall select and appoint them, and if any vacancies in the office shall occur in the interim of the Conference, the Bishop shall fill them until the next Annual Conference.

3. To so change the Discipline as to provide for the introduction of lay representation into the Annual Conferences.

Lay representation is presented in this connection, because the interests of the laymen in the appointment of presiding elders should be regarded, and because it is desirable for many other important considerations.

The undersigned being members of the General Committee referred to, were directed to publish the action of the meeting, and to request the co-operation of all who desire a change in the present mode of appointing presiding elders.

JOSEPH CUMMINGS,
WM. R. CLARK.

Boston, Nov., 1879.

BOOKS FOR COLORED PREACHERS.

In the prosecution of our missionary work among the freedmen we have been obliged, by evidently unavoidable circumstances, to entrust the treasures of the Gospel to remarkably unfinished and unpolished "earthen vessels." Some of our most efficient preachers have been men of no education whatever, and until very recently a large proportion could hardly read a hymn. As to the disciplinary "courses of study," very rare are those who ever passed an examination. In the North Carolina Conference—and probably in others equally true—there is not one, to my knowledge, who has even read all the books. In spite of this, genuine conversions by hundreds have been the fruits of even such a ministry, and the rapid growth of the Methodist Church alone shows that God can use the humblest instruments.

However, there are few in this age who will contend that an uneducated ministry is likely to accomplish the greatest good. At any rate, all will allow that a thorough knowledge of God's Word will add a hundred-fold to the power of any preacher. One great hindrance to the spread of Scriptural knowledge among our colored ministers, is a lack of means with which to obtain books. Most of them seize eagerly upon any book which comes in their way, and often stifle their comforts to buy them; but when we consider that most of their salary is paid in provisions—making hard cash a very rare article—it can easily be seen that books are nearly foreign to the people, and not only are unMethodist doctrines preached in our pulpits, but ability is rare to combat injurious forms of error scattered broadcast by preachers of other Churches. The books generously donated to Bennett Seminary by New England friends have been well read by our young preachers and have wrought much good. We shall be glad to receive more at any time.

But our preachers especially need some simple, plain, orthodox commentary that they can readily carry away both in their heads and their saddle-bags. All these requirements are met in the People's Commentary, edited by Amos Blaney and Daniel Steele. No book has come to my notice so admirably adapted to the wants of our Southern work, and any one who puts a copy into the hands of one of our preachers will exert an influence on the membership of our Church in the spread of pure doctrine, the extent of which cannot be estimated. Rev. W. F. Steele, of the Providence Conference, has made arrangements with the publishers by which 500 copies of this Commentary can be at once distributed in the South, at a cost of \$500. It is not intended to give these books away, but to require a payment of at least fifty cents, thus creating a spirit of independence. If any of the friends of our colored work will send a dollar to Brother Steele at East Greenwich, R. I., or to myself at Greensboro, N. C., a copy of the Commentary will be at once given to

some worthy preacher. I have faith to believe that this appeal will receive a hearty response. E. O. THAYER.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

Dec. 9, 1879.

WHEAT—Superior, \$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Michigan, \$1.05 @ 1.10; St. Louis, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Southern Flour, \$1.00 @ 1.05.

RYE FLOUR—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; OAT MEAL—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; CORN MEAL—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; RICE—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; SUGAR—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; MOLASSES—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; COFFEE—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; TEA—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; SPICES—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; BUTTER—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; EGGS—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; LARD—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; TALLOW—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; SOAP—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Candles—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; OIL—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; FISH—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; MEAT—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; BEEF—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; PORK—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; LAMB—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; VEAL—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; CHICKEN—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; DUCK—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; TURKEY—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; GOOSE—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; SWAN—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; PHEASANT—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; QUAIL—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; PARTRIDGE—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Grouse—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; SNipe—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; WOODcock—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Plover—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Lark—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Sparrow—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Robin—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Starling—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Thrush—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Mockingbird—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Cowbird—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Goldfinch—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Chipping Sparrow—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Indigo Bunting—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Red-winged Blackbird—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Blue Jay—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; White-throated Sparrow—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; House Wren—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Song Sparrow—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Field Sparrow—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Meadow Lark—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Foxglove—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Bellflower—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Poppy—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Tulip—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Iris—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Hyacinth—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Narcissus—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Anemone—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Pansy—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Marigold—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Zinnia—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Petunia—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Geranium—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Fuchsia—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Begonia—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Impatiens—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Verbena—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Salvia—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Lavender—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Rosemary—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Thyme—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Basil—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Parsley—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Celery—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Carrot—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Turnip—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Beet—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Cabbage—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Lettuce—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Spinach—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Broccoli—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Cauliflower—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Asparagus—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Artichoke—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Mushroom—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Truffle—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Ham—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Bacon—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Sausage—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Butter—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Cheese—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Eggs—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Milk—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Cream—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Ice—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Coal—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Wood—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Brick—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Stone—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Cement—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Lime—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Sand—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Gravel—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Clay—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Gypsum—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Plaster—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Glass—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Paper—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Ink—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Pen—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Book—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; Stationery—\$1.00 @ 1.05; extra, \$1.05 @ 1.10; 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[Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second class matter.]

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1879.

Congress has commenced early upon what seems to be its chief work in our days—president making. All legislation is evidently to be largely shaped by its influence upon the national election of next year. The great party in opposition changes its tactics simply because the legislation of the special session by the fall elections. The important financial questions which lie at the foundation of national prosperity and the credit of the government are to be discussed not so much upon their merits, as upon their effect upon Western and Southern votes. The President's message in relation to this subject is criticised, not because it is false, but because it is liable to divide the party; and we are sorry to notice that Secretary Sherman seems to be "hedging" on this question, not because he differs with the President in opinion, but because these just judgments may pervert the votes of certain Western States. It is announced that our old friend, Rev. Mr. De La Matyr, the leader of the Greenback party in Congress, is to be depended upon in any close vote by the Democratic party, because Spenser Randall has given him favorable positions on certain committees. All these significant straws show the tendency of political drifts, and make one wonder that a gracious Providence can carry a country safely through its national perils when so many conflicting, selfish, personal interests are constantly contending with the weak patriotism and weaker virtue of many of its legislators. There are, however, in both houses, noble and country-loving men, who will make their words to be heard above the clamors of party, and will give voice to justice and righteousness, and we trust receive the sympathy and moral support of all their God-fearing fellow citizens.

In the passage from absolute power to a constitutional monarchy or to Republicanism, it seems to be inevitable that a crimson gulf should be passed. This hour is evidently before Russia. With the spread of intelligence will be the increase of restlessness under an arbitrary, however merciful, rule. With all the alert and violent repression of a sleepless government, a reckless communism and nihilism continue to spread, and every now and then find a crater and an open explosion. Last week the Russian emperor, visiting the old capital at Moscow on an errand of pacification, to summon to his presence for consultation some of the nobility of the country, was only saved from a violent death by a narrow providence. By some error of calculation, the mine placed under the railway, by conspirators, near to Moscow did not explode until the train of the monarch had passed over it. When the baggage train, which followed, reached the spot, a terrible outburst tore up the track for a large space, and destroyed the cars with all their contents. This is the fourth time that the assassination or death of the emperor has been attempted. It is a serious matter to be born a king with such responsibilities, and exposed to such daily perils. In such a condition of things an iron hand seems to be necessary; but ultimately the democratic flames will be so fierce and extended that even the iron grasp will be melted and dissolved.

Believers who are troubled by fighting without and fears within, often gain spiritual victories while trying to lift others out of the ditch of mental trial. Richard Baxter, speaking of himself when battling with doubts concerning his own acceptance in Christ, says, in his own quaint way: "It much increased my peace when God's providence called me to the comforting of others that had the same complaints. While I answered their doubts, I answered my own; and the charity which I was constrained to exercise for them redounded to myself, insensibly abated my fears, and procured me an increase of quietness of mind." Baxter's experience was not exceptional, but typical of the general truth that he who sincerely strives to help another is himself helped by Him who blesses both.

As the toad, when poisoned by a spider's bite, taught by nature's instinct, seeks the plantain leaf, eats it, and is healed, so the believer, when wounded by sin, taught by his Master's words

deeds to the blood which was shed to heal and cleanse human souls. There he finds pardon, peace and purity. Precious antidote to the poison of sin! Let him who loathes himself because of his conscious impurity, wash in the crimson fountain and be cleansed. Let him remember that the heart is purified by faith.

"Love and do as you please," is a saying by St. Augustine. Interpreted aright it teaches that when the heart is wholly governed by divine love the life will be pure, because a man who so loves will choose to do what God wills, and to avoid what God forbids. It may, however, be interpreted in an Antinomian sense, and made to signify that, if one loves God with his heart, one may do evil in one's life and be guiltless. This latter sentiment is earthly and devilish. The former is true and pure. A heart full of heavenly love will produce a life full of holy deeds. Love pleases to do nothing but its Master's will.

Temptation is to be met and overcome by prompt resistance to evil suggestion and stern repression of the wrong desires it awakens. But such resistance and repression will most likely prove ineffectual if not accompanied with faith in God. It is on the shield of faith that the fiery darts of the adversary are quenched. We must imitate children who, if they see a vicious animal approaching them, turn instinctively and seek protection in their mother's loving breast. Whenever the tempted believer thus lifts his eye to heaven, the Divine Spirit is sure to whisper with power some life-inspiring promise as "Fear not thou, for I am with thee; be not dismayed for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee. Yea, I will help thee. Yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness."

OUR CHURCH HISTORY.

A generation has passed away since the inimitable history of our Church, in Great Britain and the United States, written by Dr. Stevens, was first published. It really made an era in ecclesiastical history, as did that of Macaulay in English history. Expressions of warm appreciation and congratulation came to the accomplished author, not only from leading members of his own denomination, but from such persons of literary eminence as the historian of America, Mr. George Bancroft, who could readily appreciate the signal ability and success of Dr. Stevens in the arrangement of his materials, and in the brilliancy of his style. No religious work of the kind can compare with it, except the graphic pages of D'Aubigne; and he had at his hand, for material, the exciting political as well as religious events of the Reformation, and the parallel histories of nearly all the nations of Christendom. The history of Methodism was purely a religious movement. It never involved political changes, although its inspiration was most powerfully felt all over Great Britain and her colonies, and has been a powerful conserving element in moulding the rapidly increasing populations of the new States in this country. Both Green, in his "History of the English People," and Lecky, in his "England in the Eighteenth Century," acknowledge the profound impression made upon the social life of England by the Wesleyan Reformation. All the modern organized charities, which now gird the earth, sprang out of it, and all the spiritual life of the Established Church of England, since that period, was due to it.

The early history of Methodism, both upon this, has all the fascination of a romance in the hands of such a writer as Dr. Stevens. It exhibits the heroism of the bravest soldiers without the horrors of war, and is invested with the holy faith and enthusiasm of the martyrs, without the burning stakes and gloomy dungeons. It is safe to say that the whole breadth of literature fails to show such a body, and such a succession for years of remarkable men and women, as were the early ministers and workers in the fields cultivated by the "people called Methodists." No Church has a richer biographical literature. She never canonized her saints, but from the first permitted the literal fulfillment of the divine Word in reference to them to occur; being dead they were still enabled to speak. In the early years of this century, before the press poured out its issues by thousands, these wonderful lives of godly men and elect women formed the body of the reading of our people. The lives of Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Fletcher, of the almost angelic husband of the latter, of Bramwell, of Stoner, of the Wesleys, and scores of others, of the early class, and Adam Clark, Richard Watson, Francis Asbury and Freeborn Garrettson, of a later class, produced for years a profound impression upon the denomination, inspiring rich religious experiences, awakening a holy enthusiasm for active service in the Master's vineyard, and creating a strong love for the household of faith of which these were the shining lights.

Who thinks of reading these books now? They are still bound in their dingy leather covers, printed on dark paper, in poor type, and hidden in unfrequented corners of some of our old family libraries. Their places are supplied by the thousand claimants upon our attention far less worthy or improving in their character. The daily paper, the monthly periodical, the hundreds of volumes of transient interest, the legions of fictions, lay wait in all places when we rest or ride, and beguile from us the time that might be applied to higher and more ennobling reading.

But when this history of Dr. Stevens appeared, his charming style was irresistible. He had already attracted the attention of the Church towards her heroes and heroic age, by his articles in his paper, the ZION'S HERALD, and by his "Memorials of Methodism in New England." But his elaborate work far surpassed all the promise of these early writings. Since their issue, a number of interesting histories of the Wesleys and their great religious movement have been published in England, but Dr. Stevens' work preceded them all, and has not been surpassed by any of them, although Tyerman had access to documents that the American writer could not command. None of these have that masterly dramatic power of the latter. All along his living pages the actors seem themselves to pass before us, and we really hear them speak in their own words. In his History of Methodism the word actually becomes flesh, in our vision, and the early saints seem again to live in our presence. No one can read these volumes without finding his heart on fire and his soul throbbing with holy ambition to live, and labor, and sacrifice, and die for Christ and His Church.

Now it is a fact that the present generation know little of this work. Its sale is limited. Our young people, hearing little reference to it, would hardly think of taking it from the Sabbath-school library, if happily it is to be found upon their shelves. And yet there is not a young person of average intellectual ability, unless the taste has become absolutely perverted by vicious reading, who would not be awakened into a lively interest in its pages, if its reading were once fairly begun. We fear even many of our young ministers have not read it. It would be almost equivalent to a liberal education in pastoral theology to carefully peruse it. It would bring into the heart just the stimulus that is now requisite to secure true ministerial success; it will search the unconsecrated spirit and prompt the most earnest inquiries after holiness of heart and life; it will strengthen the weakening faith in the divine power of the Gospel to save, wherever it is preached with the unction of the Holy Spirit, and will awaken the true ambition of a pastor's heart—to do the Master's work, and to save the souls of his fellow men.

We wish our agents in New York would bring it out in some fresh form so as to strike the eyes and minds of the Methodism of to-day. Perhaps, published in a box—a library by itself—at as low a price as it can be afforded, and advertised anew with a few of the remarkable notices which it received when first issued, it would awaken again renewed interest, and the present generation might be induced to read it with something of the same quickened appetites as their parents. The smallest favorable result would be the quickening of denominational loyalty. The highest and best would be the awakening of holy aspirations after the religious experiences and consecrated lives of these memorable men and women whose unworthy spiritual sons we are.

DESPONDENCY OF MODERN SKEPTICISM.

The skepticism of our times has two striking phases of contrast with that of the last century. In the first place, it is more reverent, more morally earnest (or, at least, more apparently so), than that of the preceding age; and, indeed, than that of any preceding period. Infidelity has, heretofore, been audacious and blasphemous. It has scorned belief as credulity, and Christianity as mostly, if not only, evil. Rousseau is nearly the only exception in the last century. His Savoyard Vicar's Confession of Faith (in his *Emile*) is, in spite of its skepticism, the most eloquent eulogy, perhaps, ever written by uninspired pen on the character of Christ and the ethics of His Gospel. Richard Watson thought it worth citing in his *Theological Institutes*. But Rousseau's fellow skeptics treated Christianity very differently. They outraged it. They laughed at it. Voltaire was their Cyprius, and Voltaire kept all skeptical Europe laughing at his jests upon religion, though his infidelity was not as extreme as that of many of our scientific skeptics, for he wrote strongly against atheism and pantheism. Voltaire among the philosophers, and Tom Paine among the vulgar, were the representatives of the elder infidelity; and contempt for religion was their general characteristic. The skeptics of our day are more respectful, though they mostly go farther in unbelief. They speak eulogistically of the transcendent humanity of Christ; Réan, himself, is an example. Most, indeed, of our skeptical authorities write as if they regretted the alleged necessity of their unbelief. Mr. Ingersoll is an exception, but he will hardly be considered an authority.

The other point of contrast is the profound sadness of modern skepticism. We hesitate not to say that the saddest books of our actual literature are those of the skeptical writers of Europe. Infidelity has, heretofore, exulted as a sort of emancipation from the terrors of superstition. It now mourns, almost universally, over the terrors of doubt. It formerly gloried in the sufficiency of the natural world, without the supernatural. It now desponds over the inadequacy of life; the sorrowful "problem of life," as it calls it, is the perpetual refrain of skeptical books, especially among the most skeptical of continental peoples—the Germans. Even down to the day of Strauss the happiness of natural life, especially when emancipated from religion, was emphasized. Strauss dedicated one of his books to a brother

because he was a beautiful example of contented and even felicitous life without religious faith, and with incurable disease. To vindicate the compatibility of skepticism with the happiness of life, and the sufficiency of the natural life for enjoyment, he pointed to Goethe—so well-balanced, so free, so content, so healthy and successful, and so long-lived—making the most of life for self-culture, and for superiority to natural evils. Goethe, however, it should be remarked, believed in the immortality of the soul; and as Ackermann shows, in his famous "Conversations," consoles his last years with that doctrine. Nor was he a materialist, like most of our modern skeptics; for, if he believed Spinoza, yet Spinoza was no materialistic pantheist; he "was drunk with the idea of God," as Schleiermacher said; he was an ultra spiritualist; he denied the distinction of matter and spirit; he contended that there is but "one substance," and that one substance is spiritual; that what we call matter is subjective and substantial; not that nature is God, but that God is in all nature, and is all things—"the one substance" in which all things "live and move and have their being."

But modern infidelity is a religion, if we may so call it, of despair, especially in continental Europe. It has thus reached its logical result, and may well be a deterrent warning to all the world. When did humanity ever utter a sadder plaint than that which Humboldt, the great physicist, has left us in his posthumous biography? If any man should have found the natural life sufficient for happiness, apart from faith, Humboldt should. He was of distinguished family; his fame filled the civilized world; he was rich; he traveled; he was healthy, and lived to about ninety years; he was absorbed in the contemplation of the science and beauty of the whole known universe; he was sheltered by royalty, and dined daily at the table of his king; he seemed to lack nothing of this world. But all through his prosperous life he was cynical and bitter, as his posthumous letters show; he passed through the skepticism of both the last and the present ages, and died, at last, in the deepest despondency of the latter. And now we read, as over his hopeless grave, this saddest and truly despicable estimate of the universe:—

"I was not born to be the father of a family. Moreover, I regard marriage as a sin, and the propagation of children as a crime. It is my conviction, also, that he is a fool, and still more, a sinner, who takes upon himself the yoke of marriage; a fool, because he thereby throws away his freedom, without gaining a corresponding recompense; a sinner, because he gives life to children, without being able to give them the certainty of happiness. I despise humanity in all its strata. I foresee that our posterity will be far more unhappy than we are; and should not I be a sinner if, in spite of this insight, I should take care to leave a posterity of unhappy beings behind me? The whole of life is the greatest insanity. And if for eighty years one strives and inquires, still one is obliged finally to confess that he has striven for nothing, and has found out nothing. Did we, at least, only know why we are in this world! But to the thinker, everything is a riddle, and the greatest good luck is that of being born a flat-head."

This, we repeat, this misanthropy, this despair, is the resultant consolation of modern skepticism; and in it we see the sure doom of that skepticism—its resultant reaction to faith, and nobler views and enjoyment of life, which cannot be far hence.

And such, let us add, is but one of many examples in Germany. This despair has become the substance of the latest "philosophy" of Germany; some of her skeptical philosophers fight against it; but it is the natural, the logical result of her infidelity. Its advocates base it upon the whole known universe; but the whole universe is against it. Some of its advocates have gone so far (incredible as it may seem) to propose, soberly, the suicidal extinction of the whole human race. Meanwhile the race moves onward with more rapid strides than ever, in its march of civilization, and Christ and His cross are still leading its van.

We put it soberly to thoughtful men: Would not such declarations as we have cited from Humboldt, if presented before a jury of our best physiologists, in a case of alleged insanity, be pronounced conclusive evidence of mental disease; or, at least, melancholia? Would they not treat such a case, in ordinary life, as really morbid, prescribing for it the usual medical and hygienic remedies, and expecting a cure of it, if these remedies were faithfully used? And this we really believe to be the true diagnosis of the present phase of European skepticism. Its bewildering and hopeless speculations have, at last, unbalanced the minds of thousands, and produced, in Germany at least, one of those epidemic nervous derangements which history shows to have occasionally occurred—sometimes of the very opposite kind, yet substantially of the same rationale as in the madness of the Crusade period, the epidemic nervous affections of the monastic institutions of the Middle Ages, the monomaniacal blood-thirstiness of the time of the French Revolution, the irrational agitations and unspeakable horrors of the Parisian Communists. God has so constituted human nature that moral and mental excesses must have such penalties; and these penalties, in His wise system, become at last their remedies. We have special sympathy for Humboldt; for, healthy as he generally was, he had an obscure malady which physiologists well know favors such cynicism and hypochondria. He was a poor sleeper. While grappling with the hardest studies, his average of sleep, through his long life, was but

about four hours a night; he had the destructive habit of turning night into day for study. No medical man would expect any other consequence than that which beclouded his soul. But many of his contemporary speculators have no such apology. They bring upon themselves, by their reckless skepticism, the disease and its despair; and they are spreading it among the people. Their thoughts are out of joint with human life, with the whole universe; the consequences must, at last, be morbid. They become the victims of the retributive laws of the universe. They are not only guilty, but they are punished. He that would have a healthful soul, a sunny life, a just appreciation and enjoyment of the incontestably good things of even the present world, should flee these blind leaders of the blind.

We have said that this morbid skepticism tends to reaction. It is itself a reaction of the old errors of European religion; but reactions have their own reactions, and a skeptical philosophy has justly said that humanity moves onward by oscillations. Can humanity rest in the despairing skepticism? No! No! Every natural affection of the heart, every holy tie of life, every noble aspiration of culture, of genius, of heroism, every aspect of beauty or sublimity, on the face of the universe, is against it. Above all, the original intuitions of the soul's destiny, the progressive laws of history, the providence of God, His given Spirit, the power of the Gospel, and the "power of the world to come," all are against it. It is not a rash prediction, that in one generation, or by the end of this century, there will probably be a reaction towards spiritual thought and faith, such as took place from the despairing skepticism of the Roman Empire, towards Christian truth, in the days of the confessors and martyrs.

Editorial Items.

The social event of last week was the charming reception given by Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., publishers of the *Atlantic*, to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, to which were invited the chief contributors to the pages of this periodical, of both sexes, with a few other guests whose literary labors give them a prominence in the republic of letters, or who, like President Hayes, have a claim from their social position. It rarely occurs that such a brilliant assembly, intellectually, are gathered under one roof, or that such a succession of admirable after-dinner addresses and poems, and letters of hearty appreciation, are heard on one occasion. Dr. Holmes, who was the honored guest of the hour, was not only one of the original and most important of the contributors to the *Atlantic*, but he is one of the best-known and appreciated writers in prose and poetry throughout the country and wherever the English tongue is spoken. For nearly a half century since the time of his graduation from Harvard, when his earlier and amusing poems were the delight of all young collegians, and were shouted forth, as they are to-day, literally, or in caricature, in their characteristic college songs, down to the present time, his name has been among the most familiar of our writers, and has constantly waxed in its power of commanding attention for whatever he has been pleased to utter. Witty and sharp, never avoiding an opportunity to impale upon his transfixing pen the follies of the hour, having his own pronounced opinions upon the public policies of the times, and frank to express them, he has never lost a friend, or destroyed the affectionate regard and pride in which he has been held by the reading community, through his invincible good nature and sincerity. Called recently by Fort Howard and Florida, but, New York. This volume, as many of our readers know, is a vigorous presentation and defense of the spiritual, as distinguished from the bodily, form of the resurrection from the dead. No one can read the book without being convinced of the hearty conviction of the author of the firmness of his positions, and being attracted from page to page by the directness and positiveness of the argument, and its abundance and aptness of illustration and quotation. Our criticism, while we cannot fully receive the interpretation of Mr. Goodwin as the best "working theory" of the immortal life, or the most satisfactory exposition of the revealed truth concerning it, would relate chiefly to the style of the argument, and his usual manner of treating the inspired Word. It casts a shadow of distrust upon the succeeding exegesis to approach the discussion through an allegorical and preliminary course of reasoning upon the character of Revelation, and to notice the apparent disposition to accept almost the lowest modern views upon the question of inspiration. Through the whole volume, treating as it does of one of the most solemn, tender and sublime of themes, there is a lack of reverence for the literal utterance of Holy Scripture, and that daring speculation and assertion in reference to these immortal verities, that tend to shake a reverent mind and to prejudice it even against the best reasoned portions of the work. There can be no doubt that the sentiments of thoughtful and godly men in the Church upon the resurrection from the dead fall to find entire and satisfactory expression in the traditional formulations of our creeds; but the discussion has not yet reached the point where any fresh and harmonious crystallization of belief can be made. A generous charity must accord the right of private judgment where a theory does not affect the moral character, the religious activities, or the spiritual earnestness or anxieties of believers. From a different point of view, and with a different explanation, a believer in the literal rising again of the corporeal matter from the grave, and one accepting only a spiritual renewal, can heartily say, "I believe in the resurrection of the body."

Last week closed with the inauguration of a new contribution to the embellishment of our city squares, and a notable addition to the memory symbols of Boston. In the open space at the foot of the Common, in front of the spacious station of the Providence Railroad and on the line of Columbus Avenue, the admirable emancipation group of Thomas Ball, the original of which was placed in Lincoln Park, in the city of Washington, and dedicated April 14, 1876, has been erected. Hon. Moses Kimball, very generously, offered the city of Boston a copy in bronze, and last Saturday the impressive monument was unveiled and appropriate dedicatory services were held in Faneuil Hall. The leading figure is President Lincoln holding in one hand the emancipation

scroll, with the other stretched over the head of a kneeling negro. The manacles upon the lifted hands of the freedman have burst asunder. The likeness of the good President is marked; the attitudes are every way significant, and the whole impression is satisfactory. The inscription is striking: "A race set free, and the country at peace. Lincoln rests from his labors." The group rests upon a pedestal of polished red granite, which stands upon a foundation of Cape Ann granite. The whole memorial pile is about twenty-two feet in height. The city has arranged the triangular plot and the surroundings of the statue in a very tasteful manner. The exercises at Faneuil Hall were simple and appropriate. The chaplain of the occasion was Rev. Phillips Brooks. A young colored man, Andrew Chamberlain, of the Latin School, read finely the beautiful poem of Whitier written for the occasion, and Mayor Prince delivered an address at once admirable and appropriate in sentiment and marked with peculiar grace of style. It was a historical discourse, giving the relation of the government to slavery, and was well worthy of the occasion. It was received with continued applause. One of the first scenes that our country friends will now wish to visit when they reach the city will be the Emancipation Square.

The excellent discourse, delivered in his own church by Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol, upon Reason and Rome in Education, has been published, very neatly, in a tract form, by George H. Ellis, 101 Milk Street, Boston. It was called forth by the late newspaper discussion growing out of the fresh assumption of power over the reason and conscience of their communicants by certain Catholic priests. It is admirably and unexpectedly pronounced in its demands for moral training in our public schools. Dr. Bartol intimates that it comes with poor grace from the Catholics to complain of the goodness of the public schools, when they themselves have sought to drive Bible readings and the opening devotions out of them. The Doctor insists, against both the Roman Catholics on one hand, and the Radicals on the other—against "hypocrites and Galileos"—that religion shall not be driven out of our schools. He compares Liberalism in its demands to the Southern confederacy, pointing the canon from the country's own poets against heretics and idolaters. Liberalism demands, he says, "that over the believing and adoring millions the infidel and atheistic hundreds shall have rule, and this in the name of the people's rights!" "We shall see," he says, "the braiding rivers and muddy creeks rule the rivers and seas they run into, before we have any such abdication of truth and faith." To which permit a Methodist editor to say, most heartily, Amen! The Doctor has little fear of the failure of progress of Romanism in these latitudes. He has been studying a statistical atlas of the United States, and finds a narrow proportion between the Roman Catholic Church and the combined ranks of the Protestant Churches. It is hopeful to see the press and the pulpit so much aroused at the first overt effort to illustrate the motto of the Catholic Church—*Semper Eadem* (always the same)—where she has the power—in Spain and in the United States.

Among the beautiful and valuable volumes offered in attractive bindings, and upon fine paper, for the holidays, Houghton, Osgood & Co. present, through the trade, the elegant first edition of Hawthorne, in 12 vols., illustrated, and sold in a set, for \$20; a new edition of the Little Classics—a rare collection of stories, sketches, and poems, in a set, \$15; the new household edition of the poetical works of Bayard Taylor, 12 mo., \$2. A very attractive work every way is the series of Artist Biographies, by M. F. Sweetser, a new illustrated edition of which has been published in five volumes; in a box \$7.50. Artists of the Nineteenth Century—a handbook containing biographies of 2000 artists, with index; 2 vols., crown 8vo., \$8. This house has fresh annual volumes of the inimitable Bodley books; this time it is The Bodleys Afoot, quaintly bound, with 79 pictures, \$1.50. In addition they have the first editions of the Waverley novels and the works of Dickens, and the largest collection of our modern poets, especially publishing many beautiful editions of Longfellow, Whitier, Holmes and Lowell. They publish in an elegant quarto volume the History of Princeton College in all its Departments, with 80 illustrations, uniform with the Harvard book, in cloth \$20. Their series of heliotype pictures, copied from the great masters, and published in quarto volumes, form always acceptable and beautiful gifts of permanent value. Their *Literary Bulletin*, for December, will give all desired information in reference to books and prices.

In a private note forwarded with an interesting description of a remarkable camping, held the present fall in Lucknow, India, Rev. James Mudge says he is now enjoying excellent health, although carrying on a good deal of work, editing, preaching and preparing books. The missionaries are enjoying a fine degree of health. Only one, Brother Messmore, will be obliged to take a furlough. They are all rejoicing over the anticipated small reinforcement of their numbers. We are glad to take the occasion to speak of the Lucknow Witness, edited by Brother Mudge. It is one of the handiest, and one of the most useful little papers published in India. We have been surprised at the variety and interest of its contents. It is one of the most important religious agencies of the mission, carrying its able defenses of the truth and its admirable collection of religious miscellany, all over a wide district, and silently, but powerfully, impressing its readers. Brother Mudge shows a remarkable editorial tact, keeping his pages fresh and attractive from week to week.

Principal Bragdon is determined to secure for his girls at Lussell Seminary all the practical additions to his excellent literature. For the last two years Miss Parlos has been engaged to deliver courses of her popular working lectures upon cooking. She has now entered upon a third. She gives object lessons—the work of preparing and cooking being performed before the eyes and with the aid of the young ladies themselves. It will be well for young gentlemen, hereafter, to ask for certificates from Miss Parlos when they turn a personal acquaintance with Lussell will of itself be an ample certificate for excellent house-keeping! Commencing with the 6th of December, eleven afternoon lectures are given.

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The Family.

PERFECT TRUST.

[These lines were written by Mrs. Ellen J. Martin, of East Coleraine, Mass., a short time before her death. The story was nearer than she knew. Suddenly her boat struck land. We could not see for the mist that hid her, but we feel sure she has anchored in the haven of eternal rest. L. M. H.]

My boat is on the open sea
Which storms and tempests toss,
I do not know the life I'll meet
Before I get across.

I do not know how long or short
The chequered way may be,
But patient I'll abide His time
Who built the boat for me.

'Tis fully manned in every part,
Hope is the anchor fair;
The compass that it bears is faith,
And every oar is prayer.

Sometimes I see the breakers nigh,
The ocean madly roars,
But all I do is simply this—
Bend closer to the oars.

Sometimes the waves dash mountain high,
And threaten me to strand,
I fear not, for He holds them in
The hollow of His hand.

The fog at times obscures my course,
And clouds shut out the light,
But well I know I cannot drift
Beyond the Father's sight.

I know not where the shoals may lie,
Nor where the whirlpools be,
It is enough, dear Lord, to feel
That they are known to Thee.

And thus content I glide along,
If either slow or fast,
Well knowing He will bring my boat
Safe into port at last.

"A MORE EXCELLENT WAY."

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

[Concluded.]

Mary was obliged to pass the parsonage on her way to the depot. Her first thought was to stop and tell her kind friends what she was doing, but she dared not trust her determination under their influence. The minister had so earnestly and constantly combated this step, which she had sometimes felt she would be compelled to take, that she was sure he would do so even now, and that would only make extra trouble. So the poor girl hurried by as fast as her tired feet would carry her. Barbara was playing and singing "The Sweet By and By," and some one was just coming out of the front door. She did not turn her head to see who it was, but prayed as hard as she had ever prayed in her life, that whoever the person might be, he or she would turn in the other direction. Mary had often smiled at the minister's long, swinging gait which seemed to take him over the ground without any apparent effort, and it took her but a few seconds to recognize the good man's step behind her. Barbara's "Sweet By and By" must have lingered with her father for he was humming it cheerily, and then as Mary hoped he would not slacken his pace, he stopped short and accosted her, as if that and nothing else was what he had come out for.

"Well, Mary, where are you going?" he inquired pleasantly. The poor girl's heart was beating so fast she could not speak, and Mr. Hadden repeated the question. Still no answer.

"Were you going to the depot?" he inquired again, drawing her trembling arm in his. If you are, I will go with you."

"O Mr. Hadden!" said Mary, finding her voice at last, though it was almost stifled by sobs. "I am going away. I cannot, oh, I cannot, truly bear it any longer. This day has almost killed me, Mr. Hadden, and I wish it had quite."

"Poor child," said the minister, kindly. "I suppose you have prayed over this undertaking, and made up your mind that God approves of it?"

"O Mr. Hadden!" was the choking response; "I have been too hurt and too angry to pray. I have heard it said that the Lord helps those who help themselves, and if that is so, perhaps He will help me. I know I have borne it as long as I can."

Just here the whistle of the locomotive was heard, and Mary hurried her companion on. In an incredibly short space of time, it seemed to her, the train thundered in, and before the eager traveler could reach the platform, out it went again into the dark night.

"You are too late, Mary," said the minister gravely; and then the station-master looked up the little house, and went whistling down the platform. There was neither an incoming nor an outgoing train that night, and poor Mary had no choice but to retrace her steps.

"If you had not made me talk to you, Mr. Hadden, I should have caught the train," said Mary despairingly. "Oh! why did you have to overtake me at this time, when my mind was made up to go?" and a fresh paroxysm of sobs put an end to her complaint.

"For the last fifteen minutes before leaving the house, Mary," replied the minister, arresting the wretched girl's attention by the tender gravity of his speech, "I had felt strangely uncomfortable; and finally I told my wife that I must take a walk, or follow a lead, I didn't know which. As quick as my eyes fell upon you, Mary, toiling on ahead, I understood just exactly what the Lord wanted me to do, and I want to tell you now, my dear, that I am sure there is a more excellent way out of your troubles, than fleeing from your home."

"Do you mean, Mr. Hadden, that the Lord sent you out to make me late for the train?" Mary inquired between her sobs, with unconscious irony.

"That would seem to be the case, my child," said Mr. Hadden, laughing. "My wife inquired, with her usual faith, as I left the house, what in the world I thought I should find this time, for you see, Mary, these attacks usually mean something with me, and she knows it. I wonder what she will say when she sees the kind of fish I have got in my net to-night?"

"But she won't see, Mr. Hadden, and I should rather you didn't tell her anything about it," Mary replied. "I feel humiliated enough now."

"But she will see, Mary, because you are going to the parsonage to stay all night with Barbara, and I shall proceed to your house, and tell your mother where you are, and that I have persuaded you to remain. I don't suppose your mother will miss this little satchel, will she?"

"Oh, no!" said Mary wearily. "I suppose it'll be all right if you go over; but how can I ever take up that awful burden again, and when I thought it had fallen off forever, too?"

"You will feel differently to-morrow morning, my dear," said the minister; "and I am sure, Mary, that the door will open for you if you will but be patient a little longer."

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Hadden, as her husband and his charge walked into the parsonage a few moments later, "if it isn't Mary!"

"I caught her with a net, my dear," replied the minister, "and she never knew anything about it till I landed her high and dry. Say, wife, get her something to eat right away, for it's my opinion she is faint, both from hunger and fatigue. I'm going over to tell Mrs. Allen that Mary will stay to-night with Barbara."

Mrs. Hadden bustled about in her sweet motherly way till her guest had eaten what she thought proper, and then Barbara helped her prepare for bed. When the minister returned an hour after, Mary was reported as sleeping peacefully.

Mrs. Allen received Mr. Hadden's communication more graciously than might have been expected. Like some other ladies stood a little in awe of the minister, and when the gentleman remarked incidentally, as it appeared, when he took his leave, that Mary seemed very tired, and if she didn't appear better in the morning he should insist on her spending the day at the parsonage, the lady replied that "of course it was a bad time being so close to Thanksgiving for Mary to visit anywhere, but she never did want anybody to work that wasn't able to, and if Mary wasn't back in good season in the morning, she would send for somebody to come in and help her."

The next day Mary was feverish and unable to sit up; but rest and the careful nursing of her hostess wrought a rapid change in the overworked girl's condition, and by evening she was well enough to go down to tea.

"I have called on your mother again this afternoon, Mary," said the minister, as they drew around the cheerful table, "and told her not to expect you till we all come on Thanksgiving morning."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Hadden!" said Mary warmly; "but do you think I ought to stay when there is so much to do?"

"That is just the reason why you should stay," the gentleman answered. "You are not well enough yet to go home and go to work. Your grandfather arrived this afternoon, and I walked with him from the train to the house, rather forestalling any unpleasant communications, I'm thinking. He will be over this evening; and when I told him that I thought you had better stay, he said, 'Don't let her come till you do, Mr. Hadden. I am sure my daughter has driven the girl a good deal harder than she had strength to go, and in future we must see that she is taken better care of.'"

That evening Barbara played the piano, and the minister's family and Mary's grandfather sang Lennox, and Coronation and Dundee, and Mary lay on the sofa thanking God with a grateful heart.

Thanksgiving morning, the old gentleman drove over in Squire Allen's carriage, and took the minister's folks and their guest to the long-talked-of Thanksgiving dinner. Mary had been perfectly happy during her short stay at the parsonage, notwithstanding her illness, and now as Mrs. Allen came forward to welcome her visitors, Mary was able to reply to her numerous questions with a smiling face.

Mrs. Allen made many apologies for her dinner. "If Mary had been home the pies and puddings would have been better, for the help she had was poor stuff, and of course one pair of hands couldn't do everything. Mary wasn't particularly fond of cooking, but she could turn out as good a dinner as anybody's folks if she didn't get her nose in a book and forget all about it."

"Your grandfather was saying this morning, Mary," put in Mr. Hadden, as soon as she could find an opportunity, "that he thought you had better spend the next three or four years at school."

"Lor, yes," interrupted Mrs. Allen; "of course I think it all foolery, but that father says he's willing to foot the bills as long as you want to learn, Mary, so I don't see but I shall have to let you go. I'll be awful lonesome, I'm thinking; but good gracious me! what's the matter with Mary?"

Mary had fainted away for the first time in her life. Joy had done for her what all her trouble and hard work had not been able to effect, and for a few moments the elaborate Thanksgiving dinner was postponed.

"What did I tell you?" whispered Mr. Hadden, as the girl revived and

looked about her. "I was sure, Mary," he continued, as Mrs. Allen bustled about with the champagne bottle and fan, "that if you could have patience to continue in the way of your duty that God would send you a way out."

"And now I can go to school!" Mary exclaimed with a radiant face. Can go to school! Just think of that! Oh! how shall I ever be thankful enough?"

"Wall, deary me!" said Mrs. Allen, slowly, striking an attitude with the fan and "champagne bottle," as she always called it. "Here Mary is so tickled about going to school that she faints dead away, and I don't believe I ever went to school ten times in my life that I wasn't licked there with a switch! Wall, wall, it does beat all!"

The day passed off quickly and pleasantly, and Mary began her preparations for school the next morning, and before two weeks had come to an end she had passed her examination and entered one of the first colleges in the country. She graduated from that with honor, and is now at the head of a school of her own in New York city.

LITTLE PHIL.

"Make me a headboard, mister, smooth and painted; you see our ma died last winter, and sister and Jack and me— Last Sunday could hardly find her, so many new graves about."

And Bud cried out, "We've lost her," when Jack gave a little sob.

We have worked and saved all winter— been hungry sometimes, I own— But we hit this much from father under the old door-lone.

He never goes there to see her; he hated her; soiled Jack.

When he heard us talking about her and wishing that she'd come back.

But in the garret we whisper, and have a good time to cry.

Our beautiful mother who kissed us and wasn't afraid of life.

Put on it that she was forty, in November she went away.

That she was the best of mothers, and we haven't forgot to pray;

And we mean to do as she taught us— be like her, and love her, till we go to her up there.

The board he white like mother's (the small child gulped here).

And he had coughed something under, and conquered a rebel tear.

"Here is all we could keep from father, a dollar and thirty cents."

The rest he has got for coal and flour, and partly to pay the rent."

Blushing the white lie over, and dropping the honest eyes.

"What is the price of headboards, with writing and handsome size?"

"Three dollars!" A young rose wounded, just falls with a moan, and he, with a face like the ghost of his mother, sank down on his knees.

"Three dollars? and we shall lose her, next winter the graves and snow!"

But the tears had not come about him, and he cuddled the head of tow.

Close up to the great mother's shelter, and womanly tears fell fast—

"Dear boy, you shall never lose her; O cling to your sacred past!"

Come to-morrow, and bring your sister and Jack, and the board shall be.

The best that this shop can furnish; then come here and live with me."

—Boston Transcript.

A WONDERFUL CURE.

[The following is an account of a miraculous cure, written by the lady whose health has been so wonderfully restored—Mrs. Plummer, a member of the M. E. Church in Moonshine, Me.—and its truth and reality are fully attested by the pastor of the Church.]

[Concluded.]

On Wednesday morning, July 30, I felt that the time had come when I must know His will concerning me. I never opened God's Word without first asking Him to give me the food I needed, and these words were the first I saw: "I will blot out all thine iniquities and heal all thy diseases." I could not let go of those words: "I will heal all thy diseases." And it came to me with mighty force that I should bring myself to the Great Physician, and from that hour I believed and looked for the healing, although I had not yet spoken of this, fearing I might be called an enthusiast.

On Friday morning I opened to the last chapter of James, and these are the first words that attracted my eye: "Is any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the Church, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." As I read this, I believed God wished me to ask others to join with me. So on Bro. Blake called and expressed his sorrow at finding me failing. I told him I believed God was ready to heal me, and requested him to join with me in prayer. For the first time I then made the same request to my husband, and as we united our prayers that evening, Jesus wonderfully blessed. Those days I was not as well, and needed often to go to His Word, and every time I would receive something to strengthen faith. Saturday I had a great desire to see my pastor, but did not make it known to any of the family lest they should send for him. I had asked God to send him when it should be best for me to see him, and I believed He would.

Sunday morning the pain was more severe, the strength less, and yet I trusted in God to deliver me. Therefore I had nothing to fear. At 3 o'clock my pastor drove into the yard, and I supposed he intended to call. Instead, he handed my husband a paper and drove away. I could but feel a little disappointed. Still I believed it was right. The paper contained an account of a lady who had been confined to her bed for three years, and by God's miraculous power was healed. I believed he sent me those helps to encourage me. As I grew worse, the enemy

tempted me with beguiling words, but I replied, "Get thee behind me, Satan! I am trusting in God, and His Word declares, 'they that trust in Him shall never be confounded.'" While I had the use of the right hand, I laid open God's Word, and the first He gave me were the words of the Saviour to Martha: "Said I not unto thee, if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God." That was enough. I then cried out, "Though the pains of death get hold upon me, I will trust Thee." Then I went into convulsions.

My physician was called, and while friends labored faithfully over me, the Lord was in the midst blessing every effort and encouraging me with these words, "According to your faith, be it unto you." "All things are possible to Him that believeth." Thus my faith grew stronger. I noticed that the family had been weeping, and I felt that I ought to speak some comforting word to them; so I said, "I believe God will bring me safely through." I could take hold of the Almighty Arm with a firmer grasp than before, and could say, "It is good for me I have thus been tested."

The next day I wondered why, if I believed I was to be healed, the work was not accomplished. In reply He gave me these words: "For ye have not had patience after ye have done the will of God, that ye might receive the promise." I then rested in Jesus, believing that when faith was made perfect, the work would be performed. God fed me on His Word in such a way that faith grew stronger, and I could say each day, "It is good for me that Thou didst not heal me yesterday."

On Thursday, Aug. 7, my pastor called, and I felt strongly impressed to ask him to join me in prayer. At this time my only nourishment consisted of one and a half ounces of milk diluted in twenty-four hours. I told him I realized that I was failing, yet I believed God was ready to heal me, and requested him to join with me. I noticed his countenance lighted up, and he replied, "I can; I have been thinking of this, and that is why I sent you the book and paper." We then appointed an hour for prayer on the next day, as it was a day of fasting and prayer with him. We were to unite our prayers at ten and continue until eleven. As the hour approached, God gave me these words: "According to your faith be it unto you." It was the shortest hour I ever experienced, and I received the evidence that it should be done. From this hour I perceived a gain. I began to take more nourishment and continued to improve during the next week. I knew in answer to prayer God was healing.

Sunday, Aug. 17, my pastor again called. I had not seen him since we appointed the hour for prayer. He spoke of the hour passing rapidly with him, and of the strong evidence he received. I have related how God led and strengthened me by His Word, first drawing my attention to His healing in the days of his flesh, and then by showing me that I was only by faith in Him. Now, I opened every time to passages that demanded praise and glory.

On Tuesday, the 19th, I besought God earnestly to accomplish the work by His miraculous power in the presence of my physician, who had attended me faithfully through my long illness, and who, I believed, had done for me all that any physician could do. When he called on Wednesday morning my heart was lifted to God, asking that the healing be so that I might sit up in bed in his presence. A few words passed, and I felt a new power given. I then said, "I can sit up." He looked at me in astonishment and replied that I had better have an extra pillow placed under my head, as I had been moved but once in four weeks, and could not bear the weight of the clothing. I did not wonder he thought me deranged, as I had not told him of my taking myself to the Great Physician. I then explained it to him, and immediately sat up. Out of my full heart I said, "Let us give God the glory!" He replied, "Yes, it belongs to Him." After he was gone, I turned to God's Word, expecting to receive some word that demanded praise and glory. Instead He gave me these: "Hitherto thou hast asked nothing. Ask, and thou shalt receive, that thy joy may be full." I then believed He gave me those words to show me that He was as ready to straighten the limb that had been contracted for a year and eight months as to make the healing possible for me to sit up. I then looked for it, asking that when the physician should call in the morning, my family and Brother Blake's might be called in and I arise and walk in their presence. I felt as I did when I was first converted—that all would believe and give God the glory. This was my greatest desire—that He should receive the glory. While in this state of mind I opened His Word to where Christ restored sight to the eyes of the blind, and there were those who did not believe. This was the first time I had thought that all would not believe. I then thought, "Is there the same unbelief now as then?" I began to wonder how any one could doubt, and for the first time it came to me that there would be those who would say that "If she had used her will, she might have got up before." This was something new, and I hesitated for a moment. The words of Paul were then given me: "None of these things move me, neither could I my life dear unto me; and I felt truly I was ready to bear reproaches if only He might be glorified. The evidence was given, "It shall be done." I felt a complete trust in Him. When the hour for sleep approached, I closed my eyes with these words: "Thou

knowest that I need rest. I am trusting Thee to complete the work on the morrow." I slept till five o'clock A. M. When I awoke, I attempted to straighten the limb, and found it still contracted. My will could not perform the work. Again I read, "Have faith in God." When the physician came in and made inquiries about the effects of sitting up the morning before, my heart was lifted, and the new power thrilled my entire system. I then told him I could walk, and made known my desire to have both families gathered in. My husband entered, and I sat up and put on my clothing. Then those whom I desired were called in. The chair was placed where I was obliged to take seven steps to reach it, then drawn back where I must take twelve or thirteen steps in returning. As I stretched forth my limbs, they became perfectly natural and possessed the same elasticity of former days. I felt that truly God had wrought a miracle. He had fulfilled His promises to me, when He said, "Call upon Me in the day when thou art in trouble, and I will deliver thee, and whatsoever ye shall ask in My name I will do it, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." God was true to His Word. He now demanded praise and glory from me, and my heart was filled. I sat up half an hour. It was then thought best for me to lie down. I walked to the bed without feeling the effects of my long sickness in any way except that I had not the strength of other days. The next day I walked about the room several times, and into the dining-room, crossing a hall ten feet in length, and wrote a long letter to my mother. Thus I have been gaining each day. My appetite is good and I sleep well. Yet I believe God requires me to care for the body, which He has healed; and should I violate the laws of nature, I must suffer the consequences. After I was healed, I received these words: "By faith ye stand." So I stand by faith in the Son of God. Should I loosen my hold upon Him spiritually I should die.

HOW TO INCREASE THE MISSIONARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

BY REV. JOHN O. FOSTER.

We tried, in years ago, several plans, but never with the marked success of this. We clipped from the *Advocate* and all religious papers we could find anything relating to missions. Then we classified them—Africa, Bulgaria, China, India, etc., and put these little packages by themselves for future use. We selected six good readers from the audience, gave each a package, asked them to call out the choicest thoughts, make extracts, read an essay, or deliver a six or seven minute speech at the missionary meeting in two weeks. They took their themes and the abundance of matter, and went to work. The meeting was a decided success. A second was announced, having a report from the Woman's Foreign Missionary secretary and excellent essays and speeches as before.

We saw the plan was taking grandly, and at the first Sunday following the last meeting, presented the cause of missions in our strongest effort. Cards had been secured from New York, and the plea of "no money with me," was of no use, as time would be given to earn a pledged amount. Then we "pushed the collection." Result, between four and five hundred per cent. over last year. We distributed the pledges to collectors, and the money was forthcoming, and some gathered besides. The business men say the part the Church took and the information given to the people caused the happy result. *Verbum sapientibus.* Try it.

QUIETNESS.

I would be quiet, Lord,
No noise, nor fret;
None shall need of mine
Will Thou forget.

I am not wise to know
What most I need;
I dare not cry too loud
Lest Thou shouldst heed.

Lest Thou at length shouldst say
"Child, have thy will;
As thou hast chosen, I'll
Thy cup I fill!"

What I most crave, perchance
Thou wilt withhold,
As we from hands unmeet
Keep pearls, or gold.

As we, when childlike hands
Would play with fire,
Withhold the burning coal
Of our desire.

Yet choose Thou for me—Thou
Who knowest best;
This one short prayer of mine
Holds all the rest!

Mrs. Julia R. C. Dorr.

JOSEPH COOK'S LECTURE.

Mr. Cook's prelude (Dec. 1) was upon Mormonism. There is no law in Utah against seduction or adultery. The opening of the gates of the Rocky Mountains has revealed a Bluebeard's chamber. This horribly vile territory now applies to be admitted as a State. Her opportunities turn upon the fact that her vote, if she is admitted, will be given to the party that advocates her admission, and her vote may be considered important in the close condition of the parties. It will be said to be a wrong that 150,000 should be deprived of their rights. She may call a convention and form a State organization without polygamy and apply for admission. Application will have an emphasis on account of the nearness of a general election. A conspiracy among politicians is already in organization to secure this admission in view of the value of votes at the next general election. The worst whisper among Mormon politicians, is that they can evidently control the votes of six

adjoining States. Mr. Cook read a very significant letter from Judge Bowman, of the United States Court, in which he says in substance: If Utah were admitted without polygamy, Gentiles could not obtain justice in her courts, as the judges would all be Mormons, and the leaving out of polygamy would amount to nothing. Once admit Utah as a State and Gentiles would immediately be legislated out of the State. Polygamy would at once be admitted again, as soon as the State Legislature met. Mr. Cook's wife had received intimations in reference to the condition of things in Utah which could not be read aloud before the audience.

Under a Mormon State government the whole force of government would be used to foster Mormonism. The rights of all Gentiles would be denied in all the courts.

If Utah were admitted, no law of Congress could be executed. Only because it is a territory can the law now be executed at all. Living together as man and wife ought to be sufficient proof of the criminal act of polygamy. Every marriage should be required to be recorded, after license, and in the presence of certain persons.

All Gentile schools, if the State were now organized, would be at once destroyed; the Mormon schools are useless, and if the Mormon children had no other opportunities than their own schools they would have no educational training.

If Utah be admitted without polygamy, there is no law that could enable Congress to reach the State if he should again permit the crime. The only safe course is to keep her out of the Union, until polygamy is entirely swept away.

What amendments are necessary in the law? The present jury law should be simplified. With a few changes, while Utah is a territory, the frightful crime can be destroyed. The President recommends the removal of the right of suffrage while this crime continues. This would at once destroy its power. Mr. Cook gave a graphic account of the mineral and vegetable wealth of Utah.

Mr. Cook commenced his regular lecture by remarking that George Whitefield, in this house, taught the doctrine of the new birth at an hour when the doctrine was a novelty here. The Church had become so connected with the State that its spirituality was gone. We wonder now at the interest awakened by his preaching—over 20,000 gathering on the Common to hear him. I am to ask you, in the name of culture, to look into this central theme. What is the new birth? The acquisition of similarity of feeling with God. Is not that necessary for peace? Can we be at peace and not love what God loves and hate what God hates?

Culture is responsible for the enforcement of its own principles. Therefore harmony with God in nature, with Christ and conscience is required, and only by a new birth can this be secured. There must be a total surrender to the moral law, and this is only another form of the new birth. The highest outcome of nature is Christ, and what conscience was in Him, it must be in us, in order to bring ourselves in harmony with all our environments. The soul must acquire similarity of feeling with God to be at peace with Him. We are to live with ourselves forever environed by God. We are made on a plan. We must learn it and conform to it. When we do we do not leave ourselves. We can only be at rest here and hereafter when we are in accord with God's plan concerning us, and come into entire harmony with all our environments by the great power that makes for righteousness. When man is fully developed, and does not walk on all fours, he is too large to be happy without being in harmony with God, and with conscience at its best. It must be ill with all men that live out of harmony with God, and it always will be ill with them, unless a change occurs. The danger is that this dissimilarity may become eternal.

For Young and Old.

Only Fun.

... Why are the little birds melancholy in the morning? Because their little bills are all over dew.

... Young Sportsman: "Does your father preserve all?" Ingenious Maiden: "Oh, no; we use all our fur for making hats!"

... "That's only a wedding trip," said the groom as he stumbled over the bride's train.

... A little boy being asked what he supposed was meant by the expression "fired suspiciously every day," replied, "that he had oysters."

... Newly married husband: "This is a friend of mine, my dear—a friend of twenty years' standing." His bride: "Good gracious. Then pray give him a seat, for I am sure he must be tired."

... "Will you have it rare or well done?" said a landlord to an Irishman a few days ago, as he was cutting a piece of roast beef. "I love it well done ever since I am in this country, for it was rare enough we used to eat it in Ireland."

... "I don't believe in education," says Mr. Allums. "That's me an' Sol an' Caline, sic' got 'long no better in the world than pappy's other children that war'n' educated."

... An awkward fellow planted his foot square upon a lady's train the other day. "O, you great train-wrecker!" said the lady, angrily. "Beg your pardon, sir, I was asleep!" was the arch reply.

... He told me that he was now regularly engaged as a writer for one of the leading dailies. His honest old mother said, "writing wrappers at \$3 a week."

... Doing Rome. Visitor: "You had only a day in Rome, then? But you did St. Peter's, of course?" Evidently Lady: "No-o, I think not." Young Lady: "Oh, yes, ma. Don't you remember the steps with the beggars on them, and one tried to pick your pocket?" Evidently Lady: "Oh, yes, dear, remember. Yes, yes—we did St. Peter's."

... A German newspaper contains an obituary in which the following:

"Our dear son Gustav lost his life by falling from the spire of the Lutheran church. Only those who know the height of the steeple can measure the depth of our grief."

... A goodly person complained to an elderly lady of his misfortune that her daughter appeared to be wholly taken up with trifles or worldly fluff, instead of fixing her mind on things above. "You are certainly mistaken, sir," said she. "I know that the girl appears to an observer to be taken up with worldly things; but you cannot judge correctly of the direction her mind really takes, as she is a little cross-eyed."

... A schoolmaster was instructing his pupils about the manners and customs of the world. After the lesson he questioned them about the principal food of the different nations. To his question about the food of an Englishman the reply was "Beef." To that about the Scotch, the answer was "Porridge." At last he asked what the Russians liked best, to which a little fellow promptly replied, "Turkey."

Gems of Religious Thought.

... When Christ implants the seed of living water in a man's heart, it will have not merely a refreshing influence, but a cleansing and purifying effect. It will drive out of the latter, the absence of the living water may well be argued.

Who worships God shall find Him. Humble love, And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven.

... Experience is the Lord's school; and they who are taught by Him usually learn by the mistakes they make that they have no wisdom, and by the slips and falls they meet with, that they have no strength. —John Newton.

"All things come to those who wait." If it seem the hour is late Yet be patient; unto thee Fuller, deeper joy shall be For the waiting. Still go on, Crowns not easily are won; But thou hast patience; thy reward Lies within the afterword.

... How dangerous to defer those momentous reformations which conscience is solemnly preaching to the heart! If they are neglected, the difficulty and indispensation increase every day. The mind is receding, degree after degree, from the warm and hopeful zone, till at last it will enter the arctic circle and become fixed in relentless and eternal ice. —J. Foster.

... It is the bubbling spring that flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along day and night by the farm-house that is useful, rather than the swollen flood of warlike cantation. One Niagara is enough for the continent or the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow and every garden, and that shall draw down every heart with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done—it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life, the Christian temper, the good qualities of relatives and friends, and all, that it is to be done. —Albert Barnes.

REST.

Thou for Thyself hast made us,
O Lord, our God,
And

MASSACHUSETTS.

SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT PREACHERS' MEETING.

This meeting was held in Holyoke, Nov. 12 and 13. There was a very small attendance of preachers, and some essays had to be omitted because of the absence of the essayists. Still the meeting was a success. The report from the district by Dr. E. A. was full of encouragement. Church debts were being lessened and souls were being saved. The first paper was read by Brother George, of Holyoke, on "The Legal Relation of Camp-meetings to the Church." He brought out very clearly the fact that camp-meetings have no legal relation whatever to the Church; and while custom gives the charge of the meeting to the Presiding Elder on whose district the meeting is held, still it is merely courtesy and not law. Brother Gordon's essay brought a full and enthusiastic discussion of the entire subject. Dr. E. A. showed that camp-meetings were an after-growth and are not even mentioned in the Discipline; and that while the Church virtually pays for the property, still she does not and cannot control it. Dr. Rice and Brother Charles Merrill followed in the discussion, which resulted in the following resolutions which were passed unanimously:—

Resolved by the Springfield District Preachers' Meeting, held in Holyoke, Nov. 12, 1879, that the New England Conference at its next session be requested to memorialize the next General Conference to enact such legislation as shall bring our camp-meetings into proper legal relations to the M. E. Church, and their management under control of their regular authorities.

2. That the Presiding Elder be requested to present the above resolution to the Annual Conference at its next session.

J. SCOTT.

H. MERRILL.

The next essay was by Brother Matthews, of Conway, on "The Social and Spiritual Relation of Camp-meetings to the Church." The essay was well written, and breathed the intense spiritual life of the writer. He showed how the entire Church of Christ was enlarged by means of the camp-meeting, and gave a very interesting account of the first of these held in England by Lorenzo Dow in the year 1807. He pointed out the fact that camp-meetings have been their day and are no longer needed; and while deploring in part the cottage system, founded by his own experience that the social condition of the Church was improved by these meetings. He gave three reasons for thinking these meetings improved the spiritual life of the Church: 1. Preaching is more spiritual; 2. Members who are true are quickened, and go home with a new zeal to help the pastor in revival work; 3. Revivals follow that must be attributed to these meetings.

The next essay was by Brother Perrin, of State St., Springfield, on "The Publications of the Tract Society of the M. E. Church." He showed a commendable knowledge of all the publications. Having samples on hand, he gave a short description of each kind, and urged the brethren to be more zealous in the distribution of tracts.

But the essay of the meeting was a review of Bishop Foster's "Beyond the Grave," by Brother Knowles, of Grace Church, Springfield, and it was generally concluded that there was very little left of the good Bishop's book when Brother Knowles got through with it. While the Bishop very clearly made out his course at the beginning, yet he fails to follow it; but, as the reviewer showed very clearly, got badly mixed up in revelation, worse still in imagination, and had very little reason in it. This review should be published in full. It is worthy of a greater audience.

Brother Wagner gave a very interesting discourse on "Prayer." His text was 1 Thess. 5: 17. "And this is the will of God, that ye should all pray without ceasing." He provided bountifully for the wants of the brethren, and deserved and received the thanks of those who were present.

JOHN GALBRAITH, Sec.

MAINE.

The Dec. number of the *Pastoral Leaflet*, issued by Rev. W. W. Baldwin of Kittery, is out and full of fresh thought and capital suggestions for living, influencing, and church finance. Brother Baldwin opened his monthly course of Sunday night lectures on "Rehearsal," Nov. 19. A large congregation was present.

Three persons were baptized by Rev. F. C. Rogers, of Paris, last Sabbath, two united with the Church, and two were forward for prayers in the evening.

Rev. S. F. Strout has commenced a series of revival meetings in Mercer with encouraging indications.

The friends of Rev. George Holt, of South Standish, met recently in the hall and made their pastor a donation of \$70. The congregations are unusually good, and the Sabbath-school has been very successful this year. Bro. Holt is winning.

The Church at Hollis, under the leadership of Rev. J. Coby, is steadily increasing in interest. The Sunday-school, under the faithful and able superintendency of J. E. Wakefield, has had a vigorous life this season, and the personal differences which have embarrassed the Church for some time, have been amicably adjusted. Hollis may yet be one of our best country churches.

The revival interest continues at Park St. Methodist Church, Lewiston.

The Y. M. C. A., represented by Brothers Smith, McKenney and Frost, has been holding a series of revival meetings in Wilton the past few weeks. The meetings were held afternoons and evenings for nearly four weeks, resulting in a general awakening. The meetings will be continued.

Dr. Mark Trautman delivered his lecture on "Lights and Shadows of Ministerial Life" in the Sacarapa lecture course last Monday evening. He had a good house, and his lecture received a hearty greeting.

The Methodist Society at the West End, Portland (Rev. E. W. Hutchinson, pastor), has negotiated for a lot on which to erect a church. The lot has a house on it which can be converted into a parsonage, leaving sufficient room for a church site. This society is small but plucky, and when the church is built it will be in a condition to grow into a strong Church.

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence.—A most excellent course of lectures has been given under the direction of the Asbury M. E. Church, Providence. The course opened with a musical and eulogistic entertainment, by Misses Bates and Morris. To say that they gave perfect satisfaction would hardly express the great delight afforded by them. Brother Cleveland, of Taunton, gave an eloquent and elaborate lecture on "The Struggle for Life." It was good enough for any locality or any class of people. Miss Shaw, a graduate of the Boston Theological School and pastor of a Church in East Dennis, Mass., told pleasantly and attractively of "A Journey through the Old World." She made for the audience an evening of interest and profit. Rev. W. L. Phillips, of County Street, New Bedford, spoke of "Jezebel." One enthusiastic

hearer said he ought to leave all other work and deliver this lecture through the country. We are not surprised to hear that Brother P. is drawing the people to County Street Church. Two pleasant facts are connected with the next lecture. The use of the Mathewson Street church was given, and Bishop Clark, of the diocese of Rhode Island, gave his superb lecture on "Ancient Peru," illustrated with drawings by the Bishop's own hand. This is Christian living, practical fraternity. The last lecture was delivered by Rev. E. F. Clark, of Warren, R. I., on "Geology and the Bible," or "Creation and Revelation." Notwithstanding the very unpleasant weather an audience equal in numbers to any in the course was present. All were well pleased, and had their appetites sharpened for more food of the same kind. Brother C. delivered his lecture without manuscript, in a cheerful, conversational style.

It is a relief to learn that the ministers and laymen of the Providence Conference have an invitation to meet for their Annual Conference at the Hotel de Ville, at Providence, at this time the location should be more central. Four years ago the Conference was in Provincetown. Many a lay delegate was unable to spare the time to attend. It will be so this time. Why may not the cities of Fall River, Taunton, New Bedford and Providence, in turn, entertain the Conference when the delegates to General Conference are to be elected? This would take the Conference to each one of its sixteen cities, as it has been, and would be a very little one side, to each of the other three once in twelve years. Some arrangement, it is hoped, may be made in the course of four years for a central location for the Conference when the delegates to the General Conference are to be elected. Norwich is a very pleasant city, and no pains will be spared by the brethren and their families there to entertain the Conference. And some of us know they do it well.

CONNECTICUT.

Rev. R. D. Dyson, of Attawaugan, finds it necessary to rest a few weeks in consequence of overwork. He has made a fine impression on his people since Conference, and they are to supply the pulpit during his absence.

Brother Taylor, of East Thompson, had a houseful of happy parishioners at the parsonage, Nov. 19, on a donation visit. They left evidences of good-will in the shape of groceries and greenbacks. They are very much pleased with their renovated church, and the congregations are larger now than they have been for years.

Brother Hunt had another union Sunday-school Convention at Moosup, Nov. 19. The attendance was large, and the exercises interesting.

Brother Farnsworth lectures in the Dayville course of lectures, which commenced Dec. 1.

The extra religious services at the Putnam M. E. Church continue. During the past week the pastor has been aided by Revs. L. B. Bates, H. Montgomery and W. Anderson. Their sermons and exhortations made a profound impression upon the hearts of the people, and there have been very interesting cases of conversion. Thank God that New England Methodism has three men who so thoroughly permeated with the Methodist idea of saving the masses!

VERMONT.

Middlesex.—Brother Trevillian is doing an excellent work for this charge. His preaching is thoroughly evangelized, and is attracting a good audience. The Sabbath-school has doubled in interest and numbers, and the social meetings are largely improved. We are looking for better days for this Church.

Barre.—This old Church, under the very judicious care of Brother Webster, continues to be young, vigorous and promising. The audience is large, the Sabbath-school bright, full, and one of the very best in this part of the State. The pastor is universally respected, and there are a large number of spiritual men, devotedly co-operating with him for still better results. They are canvassing the entire charge with tracts and Christian conversation and prayer. The quarterly meeting last Sabbath was good. The pastor baptized a young man and his wife, who make a fine addition to our Church.

TABOR.

MANLEY PACKARD was born Dec. 16, 1819, and died at his home in Brockton, Oct. 13, 1879.

Brother Packard possessed natural graces, which, of themselves, could not have led to make him many friends. Few have a disposition so genial and a temperament so cheerful and humorous. Whether his life or his work was his undertakings, his life was always too bright to be a shadow upon the path of any one. In 1842 he was converted, joined the M. E. Church soon after, and remained a devoted member of the same till death. For many years he occupied prominent positions in the West M. E. Church, Brockton. As a class-leader and chorister, his services were especially prized. For a time he was connected with the Church at North Easton, where he was ever found at the post of duty. He was for two years severely afflicted, yet bore all with that patience which only the Christian can have. Though so great a sufferer, he was always so cheerful and happy that even the young and the sick-room for the pleasure of his company. His kindness and sympathy not only attracted the young to himself, but it is to be hoped, will yet bring them nearer that Saviour of whose love he so freely spoke. His confidence in God was firm. A few moments before passing away he repeated his favorite hymn, "On Christ the solid rock I stand," and resting upon that foundation, he uttered, as his last words, "I am the resurrection and the life."

Many friends cherish with gratitude the memory of him they loved so well, and in their prayers do not forget his deeply afflicted companion.

HARRIET W. HALL, wife of Hendrick Hall, died in Haverhill, Mass., Oct. 20, 1879, aged 11 years.

Sister Hall was converted under the ministry of Rev. C. R. Harding, and was one of the first fruits of the revival of 1857 in Haverhill. She united with the M. E. Church in the spring of 1858, where she remained for more than twenty years a devoted and consistent member. She was united in marriage with Brother Hendrick Hall, Oct. 27, 1859. Her home life was peculiarly happy, and in all the relations of wife, mother, and hostess, she exhibited the rarest qualities. She was blessed with six dear children—four of whom preceded her to the better world, two sons having passed away within less than a year. Her Christian experience was deep, but not demonstrative. She lived her religion. Although in declining health for many months previous to her death, neither she nor her friends had anticipated so speedily and suddenly a summons. But it came, and did not find her unprepared. "It is

pleasing to live," she said, "but if the Master calls, I am ready to go." No one who knew her could doubt her readiness, or her abundant entrance. "As in living, so in dying, she proved the sufficiency of divine grace. May the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort sustain the deeply-afflicted husband in all his tribulation, and take up into His own tender care the motherless children! LEON C. FIELD.

DIED, in East Coleraine, Oct. 17, 1879, of dropsy of the heart, ELLEN J. MARTIN, aged 44 years.

Sister Martin was converted in the neighborhood where she died, at the age of twelve years, and joined the M. E. Church. She was an earnest and consistent Christian. Her home, like that of her father, was always open to the Methodist preacher. No doubt many an itinerant will remember her saying to him, as she did to the writer, "There is the prophet in you on the wall; you are always welcome."

This welcome was often repeated in many words of encouragement given as we entered her door. She was a woman of strong faith, and knew what it meant to walk with Jesus. She was an excellent singer, and was never so happy as when singing for Jesus.

Though called suddenly away, we are satisfied she has entered "the valley of blessing so sweet." She is greatly missed in the Church, and especially in the choir, where her voice was a leading note. Sister Martin was a devoted mother in her own home, where an aged father and mother, husband and two daughters, are left to weep for one so dearly beloved.

Only two weeks before her own death she buried a sister—Mrs. Stewart, of Brattleboro, Vt.—whose obituary recently appeared in the *Herald*. These two, who went together, as it were, have now joined hands with another sister, who died two years since. LEYDEN. E. A. HOWARD.

LYDIA TOREY, wife of Capt. Eben Tobey, withdrew from the militant Church, and joined the Church triumphant on the evening of Oct. 26, 1879, aged 59 years.

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OBITUARIES.

Rev. EPHRAIM H. SMALL, a superannuated preacher of the East Maine Conference, died at Winterport, Me., Sept. 22, 1879, aged 70 years.

Brother Small was born in Thomaston, Me. His parents were members of the Calvinist Baptist Church, and to use his own language, "I was instructed in its peculiarities from my earliest recollection." He occasionally heard Methodist preaching from E. F. Newhall, S. Bray, and others. He was early the subject of religious awakenings, but losing his father at the age of eleven, it became necessary for him to leave home, and he was apprenticed to a joiner in Hope, where he came under the influence of Universalism. This continued to be his prevailing religious belief until 1834, when, having married and removed to Union, under the labors of Rev. M. P. Webster, he was powerfully converted. At a camp-meeting held on Cross Hill, in September, 1841, he received a clear and satisfactory evidence that he was "saved from all sin." He was licensed to preach in May, 1843, and at the commencement of the Conference year, 1844, he was employed by the presiding elder on Waldoboro' and Bremen circuit. The following year he was received on trial, and from that time until 1861—when his health failed, and he superannuated—he supplied nine charges, most of them large circuits.

Brother Small was a faithful and earnest minister of the Gospel, and on his several charges labored acceptably and successfully. His appointments were not always among the wealthy, but he ever went without complaint. He was modest and retiring, a good pastor, acceptable as a preacher, and loyal to the Church and ministry. When his health failed, he removed to Winterport, Me., and thanks to his skill as a joiner, built himself a small house, where he passed his last years in comfort. By carefully using his remaining strength, he was able to preach some, and performed considerable ministerial service in the vicinity of his home until near the close of his life. He was a faithful friend and helper to the preachers on the several charges. The Church loved and the citizens respected him, electing him on several occasions to town offices. He gradually and peacefully descended to the vale until he rested. He died well, as he had lived. A. CHURCH.

LEWELLYN LEACH died Oct. 2, 1879, aged 31 years and 11 months; and BESSIE LEACH died Oct. 4, aged 27 years and 8 months—son and daughter of Wm. and Betsey Leach, of W. Pemberton.

In the same revival both gave their hearts to God; in the same service of God they have joined again; and again they were sick at the same time, died of the same disease—black diphtheria—and were buried side by side; therefore it is fitting their obituaries should appear as one. They were much alike, quiet, kind and agreeable, and held in high esteem. The suddenness of their removal, and the painful circumstances attending it, were a heavy blow to their aged parents, and a grief to the whole neighborhood. Trusting in Jesus, they had no fear of death. "My dear mother," said Lewellyn, just before he died, "you are my angel, my darling for me;" and Bessie said this strong desire to live, that she might comfort her father and mother in the loss of her brother. They were good children, and the reward of such is now a part of their bliss in the world of joy. It is safe to consecrate one's self to God in health, and to obey God's commands. B. S. ARRY.

MANLEY PACKARD was born Dec. 16, 1819, and died at his home in Brockton, Oct. 13, 1879.

Brother Packard possessed natural graces, which, of themselves, could not have led to make him many friends. Few have a disposition so genial and a temperament so cheerful and humorous. Whether his life or his work was his undertakings, his life was always too bright to be a shadow upon the path of any one. In 1842 he was converted, joined the M. E. Church soon after, and remained a devoted member of the same till death. For many years he occupied prominent positions in the West M. E. Church, Brockton. As a class-leader and chorister, his services were especially prized. For a time he was connected with the Church at North Easton, where he was ever found at the post of duty. He was for two years severely afflicted, yet bore all with that patience which only the Christian can have. Though so great a sufferer, he was always so cheerful and happy that even the young and the sick-room for the pleasure of his company. His kindness and sympathy not only attracted the young to himself, but it is to be hoped, will yet bring them nearer that Saviour of whose love he so freely spoke. His confidence in God was firm. A few moments before passing away he repeated his favorite hymn, "On Christ the solid rock I stand," and resting upon that foundation, he uttered, as his last words, "I am the resurrection and the life."

Many friends cherish with gratitude the memory of him they loved so well, and in their prayers do not forget his deeply afflicted companion.

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This welcome was often repeated in many words of encouragement given as we entered her door. She was a woman of strong faith, and knew what it meant to walk with Jesus. She was an excellent singer, and was never so happy as when singing for Jesus.

Though called suddenly away, we are satisfied she has entered "the valley of blessing so sweet." She is greatly missed in the Church, and especially in the choir, where her voice was a leading note. Sister Martin was a devoted mother in her own home, where an aged father and mother, husband and two daughters, are left to weep for one so dearly beloved.

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CHANGE OF PLACE.

On and after May 1st, 1879, Dr. Birmingham's office for consultation, will be at 14 Chambers St., Boston, nearly opposite his former store. He treats all diseases that nature is heir to. Correct examinations without cost, and the report of medicine can be seen at the office. Hours for consultation, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursdays, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

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Till further notice, the Steamer CAMBRIDGE, Otis Ingraham, master, and the Steamer KATAHDIN, W. R. Rois, master, will leave Bangor for Bangor, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 o'clock P. M.; and will leave Bangor for Bangor on the same days at 10 o'clock A. M.

These steamers connect on Saturday mornings at Rockland with Steamers LEWISTON and MT. DESERT for Machias and intermediate points, and will connect on Tuesday mornings with Steamers MT. DESERT for Sullivan and points between.

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